RAPID FIRE

MOVING TARGET

by

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1 EXT. THAILAND. DAY.

A sweeping vista of the lush green Thai countryside. Mist hangs low over tiered rice paddies and eddies along the dark flanks of ancient temples gone green with age.

CUT TO:

2 EXT. RIVER. DAY.

A currentless river meanders through the lowlands between densely forested hills. The SOUND of an outboard motor gains volume as bird flocks flee their roosts and blacken the sky.

An age-battered longboat chugs around a narrow bend in the river. Four men are seated within. The aged STEERMAN at the outboard, aft. The Tong Soldier scans ahead, barks a command to the Steerman. Returns to the bow. Sitting there:

ANTONIO SERRANO, 50s, thick build, more will than intelligence. Suspicious eyes. Experienced sadist in a Brioni suit. Beside him is BRUNNER GAZZI, 30s. Three hundred pounds of sociopathic sirloin.

The Tong Soldier pulls out a new WALLET hand-fashioned in soft leather.

SOLDIER
You want? Ten dollar.

SERRANO
No thanks.

SOLDIER
(to Gazzi)
You want? Ten dollar. Good price. Ten dollar.

Gazzi takes it, rubs it appreciatively.

GAZZI
What kind of leather is that?

The longboat glides past a bend in the river. Serrano eyes the trees. Skins dry in the branches, ready for tanning. Cruciform. Human skins. Serrano looks at the skins. The wallet.

SOLDIER
Good price. Eight dollar.

SERRANO
Put that fucking thing away.

CUT TO:

3 EXT. RIVER DOCK. DAY.

DOCK WORKERS load huge bales of FABRIC onto a fleet of seventy-foot wooden flat-top BARGES.

Men and women, young and old, dressed in Thai traditionals, ceaselessly mule bags down a steep, muddy slope.

The longboat arrives. The Tong Soldier babbles to his colleagues, who tie the longboat to the wharf. Serrano and Gazzi climb a splintered ladder to the upper deck. Other SOLDIERS linger on the dock, smoking cigarettes.

The Tong Soldier snatches a shoulder-slung 9mm Specter submachine gun from beneath Gazzi's suit jacket. Gazzi grabs the Soldier. All the dock soldiers are suddenly surrounding with weapons cocked. Then in an eyeblink they fall back, snap to rigid attention:

KINMAN "TOMMY" TAU, early 40s, citizen of the world, appears on the stairs above the dock. Supple skin and Bijan fatigues. An iron fist in a velvet glove. Like the Gorgon of old--one glare from him and the men turn to stone.

On a look, the Tong Soldier hands the Specter back to Gazzi. Then he turns to Serrano and puts on the glad hand.

TAU
Long flight, huh, Mr. Serrano?

SERRANO
Twenty fucking hours, Tommy.

Tau breaks into a wide open smile. Embraces Serrano warmly. Laughs.

TAU
Twenty hours? Twenty fucking <u>years</u> to get you to come to my country, my friend. Ever since the old days. Twisting your arm to come to Paradise. (gesturing) Isn't this Paradise?

He gestures, and Serrano and Gazzi head up the stairs. Tau takes the Tong Soldier aside.

TAU
(in Cantonese)
<u>Don't fear the weapon. Fear the man.</u>

CUT TO:

4 EXT. HILLTOP. DAY.

Tau tours Serrano and Gazzi through his domain. Across the flat ridge sprawls a breathtaking city of wood, thatch, and bamboo. An eerie network of thousand-year old structures. The muddy streets are lined with heavily-armed Tong Soldiers. Hand-built windmills whirl and line the ridge.

TAU
No traffic. No beep-beep-beep. No pollution. Chicago--that town still stinks from the slaughterhouses. I'm telling you, my friend. We should put a Disneyland here. Make some real money.

SERRANO POV

POPPY FIELDS stretch to the horizon. Swallowed by mist, and protected by canopies of green camouflage netting, the fields are in perpetual harvest.

CUT TO:

5 EXT. CATWALK. DAY.

Serrano and Tau walk along a winding wood and rope catwalk that meanders around and through thatched buildings the size of factories. Smoke, steam, and SOUNDS of labor surround. Gazzi trails along with Tau's quartet of black-clad bodyguards.

TAU
Twenty years, Mister Serrano. Twenty years.

SERRANO
Meanwhile you still look like a kid. And look at me.

TAU
I got my wrinkles on the inside, my friend.

SERRANO
You don't know my worries, Tommy.

TAU
I know. Cocaine sales are down 37 per cent.

SERRANO
You have good sources.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

TAU
(shrugs)
CNN.

SERRANO
It's not just the coke. It's everything.

They pass through a thatched processing plant where an assembly line of men and women harvest and grind poppies into opium and heroin. Their faces have been prematurely aged and paled by the narcotic fumes.

TAU
Your business is like any other business. Bigger payroll and a smaller dollar. You need to trim your overhead, cut those high executive salaries. Recapitalize your debt. Concentrate on your profit centers.

SERRANO
There's nothing wrong with my business. I need more money. That's what's wrong with my business.

TAU
(shaking his head)
Cocaine was worse for the people who sold it than for the people who used it. What they need is a Betty Ford Center for Easy Cash.

Serrano stops Tommy on the catwalk.

SERRANO
I need help, Tommy.

Serrano looks into Tau's eyes. Sees nothing.

TAU
Come on, my friend. Let's watch the fights.

CUT TO:

6 INT. LATER. CLEARED AREA.

A muddy depression acts as a contest ring where soldiers test each other's mettle with long bamboo fighting staffs.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

Old men sit cross-legged around the ring's edge eating rice from hand-beaten bowls. Serrano and Tau join them.

IN THE RING

The blur of motion. The continuous WHIP-CRACK of bamboo against flesh.

BACK ON--SERRANO AND TAU

Tau smiles as he watches. Serrano broods.

SERRANO
You know, Tommy, I didn't come ten thousand miles to watch these guys whacking each other with big Q-tips.

TAU
Why did you come, Mr. Serrano?

SERRANO
You know why I'm hurting? Then you know why I came.

TAU
We supply you with heroin. You distribute it. It's a good business for both of us.

SERRANO
Better for you. (Tau shrugs) I made you, Tommy. And now I want something back. I want a piece of your end.

TAU
I like you, Mr. Serrano. Don't push it.

SERRANO
Listen to me, you fucking little bastard. You were eating out of garbage cans on Cermak Road when I pulled you out of the gutter. You were a fucking runner for me--and I don't care if all these fuckers hear it. I'm not gonna ask you again.

The combatants offer a fighting staff to Tau. He glowers at Serrano. Turns to the combatants and accepts the challenge.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (2)

IN THE RING

Both soldiers charge at once. Tau smoothly counters a pair of attack blows, then sweeps around on offense. He swings up and shatters the closest man's jaw and collarbone, then reverses and, with two swift blows, splinters the arms and ribs of the second man. Both combatants fall hard simultaneously. A terrifying display of Tau's lethal skill.

Then Tau picks up a stick from one of the fallen men. Turns to Serrano. Offers it to him. Serrano demurs with a look. With a look of contempt, Tau PLUNGES the stick into the earth.

Tau approaches Serrano, leans in close. Whispers in his ear, with a flawless accent, in SICILIAN DIALECT.

TAU
Non domandare per chidda ché non t'appartiene affinche sei preparato a pigliarla.

Tau EXITS. Gazzi turns to Serrano.

GAZZI
What the hell did he say?

SERRANO
It's a Sicilian proverb. It means, 'Don't ask for what you can't take'.

CUT TO:

7 EXT. VENICE BEACH, CALIFORNIA. DAY.

Palm trees and the Pacific ocean. Rollerblades, fire-eaters, and beach bunnies line the sand. Muscle boys pump iron.

CUT TO:

8 INT. POLICE STATION. SAME TIME.

A young OFFICER hands over a file, briefs a crusty old DUTY SERGEANT as they move up the hall.

OFFICER
Jacobsen's in the hospital with a broken arm. Ellis has a broken jaw and a dislocated knee.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

DUTY SERGEANT
Well, it was bound to happen. Bullies with a badge. I've got more complaints on them than a cow has tits.
(reading)
What did they have on him? 30 in a 25 mile per hour zone. Call out the National Guard.

OFFICER
Resisting arrest.

DUTY SERGEANT
'Resisting arrest'. Those two--if they busted a quadriplegic, they'd tell you he resisted arrest with his nose, just so they could play the piñata with him.

OFFICER
Sarge--this kid put two cops in the hospital.

DUTY SERGEANT
He saved me the trouble.

9 INTO THE WAITING ROOM

PATRICIA LO, an attractive middle-aged woman, sits in the waiting room.

DUTY SERGEANT
You Mrs. Lo?

CUT TO:

10 INT. MUNICIPAL BUILDING. JAIL WING--DAY.

Smoking on a high bunk:

JAKE LO, 20, good-looking, AmerAsian with the look of a renegade. As dangerous as a scorpion, but it masks an inner vulnerability.

A disgusting WINO snores on the bunk beneath him.

JAIL OFFICER
Two-eight-niner-one-zero-four.

Jake jumps off the bunk. The Jail Officer opens the door.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

JAIL OFFICER
You're out.

JAKE
There goes the neighborhood.

CUT TO:

11 INT. LATER. PARKING LOT.

Jake walks out. Patricia hustling to keep up.

PATRICIA
Do you want to tell me what happened? Or should I just watch you on 'America's Most Wanted'?

JAKE
It's over, Mom.

PATRICIA
I will not have this, Jake. You get that chip off your shoulder.

JAKE
They were hassling me.

PATRICIA
Can you prove that?

JAKE
If I really did anything wrong they wouldn't let me go.

PATRICIA
If your father was here he'd beat the hell out of you.

JAKE
Lucky me.

They approach

JAKE'S HARLEY

Road-hardened and flat-black, Vietnam era. A hulking street machine with a massive rebuilt engine. Jake checks it over and mounts up. Patricia stands beside him.

JAKE
I'm not gonna take their shit, is all.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

PATRICIA
They wear a uniform.

JAKE
Especially 'cause they wear a uniform.

PATRICIA
What do you expect them to think? Riding around on this thing. 'Oh, there he goes--just another useful citizen on his souped-up Harley'.

JAKE
Later.

PATRICIA
You'd better be there this afternoon. (amending) Please be there this afternoon. For me?

Jake gives his mother a look. KICKS the hog to life and GUNS off.

CUT TO:

12 EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY. DAY.

Jake rides with a vengeance. he thunders up the PCH and cuts up an eastbound canyon road.

CUT TO:

13 EXT. UCLA CAMPUS. DAY.

A huge 20 x 20 placard of the famed "Lone Chinese Student Facing the Tanks" photograph from the Tienanmen Square massacre, stands behind a rally of Asian and Anglo students.

PAUL YANG, thin and egomaniacal, stands on a makeshift stage facing the groups of students. The placard behind him.

PAUL
A machine gun cannot murder hope. A tank cannot crush a dream. Prison bars cannot silence a people. Two years ago today, the Chinese people rose up in Tienanmen Square and died for a free China. They will not be forgotten.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

The crowd of students roars with APPLAUSE and start to CHANT. Several other rally members circulate leaflets and try to garner donations.

WATCHING

Jake, parked on his bike--almost hiding behind a tree. Brooding. As the CHANTS build, he stares inward...

FLASH CUT TO:

14 EXT. TIENANMEN SQUARE. NIGHT.

The scrambling sea of humanity driven by flamethrowers, tear gas and concentrated bursts of AUTOMATIC weapons FIRE. The student's Statue of Liberty topples and turns to flame. Fences fall. More screams. In the midst of this--Jake, fighting against the chaos. Fighting to reach...

A HEROIC MAN

right at the head of the demonstration, his strong arms holding a flag aloft. A horrorshow of running, screaming students in the b.g. chased by a phalanx of Chinese Red Army tanks and armored half-tracks.

A WOMAN

is crushed as a scaffolding collapses on top of her. The Heroic Man throws down his flag, runs to save the woman. Jake struggles toward him, but is carried along by the tide of humanity...

VOICE
Jake!

BACK TO:

15 EXT. UCLA CAMPUS. DAY.

Jake comes out of his reverie. And Paul Yang's in his face.

PAUL
Jake! I'm Paul Yang.

JAKE
I know who you are. I don't want to talk about it.

He turns to leave. Paul grabs him.

PAUL
Hey, wait a minute.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

Jake easily shrugs him off, WHIRLS on him.

JAKE
Just let it go.

PAUL
I need your help, man.

JAKE
I'd say you need a lot of help.

PAUL
You were there. Especially you, as an American in Tienanmen Square, it was--

JAKE
Don't tell me what it was. I know what it was.

PAUL
If you don't care, then why were you there?

JAKE
Not for this.

Jake kick-starts his bike. Roars off.

CUT TO:

16 INT. LATER. UCLA.

Jake, tortured by his memory, staggers up a deserted hallway. Hears the chanting from outside...

CUT TO:

17 EXT. DAY. RALLY.

Paul has returned to the podium. Raises his fist. The chanting rises, louder and LOUDER...A student lays out a strip of firecrackers, lights them...SPARKS hiss as the fuse burns down...

CUT TO:

18 INT. DAY. HALLWAY.

Jake stops, hyperventilating, leans his head against a locker. The chants CRESCENDO in his head...The firecrackers blow...POP! POP! POP!

FLASH CUT TO:

19 EXT. NIGHT. TIENANMEN SQUARE.

POP! POP! POP! Automatic weapons fire. Jake moves toward the Heroic Man, who turns from the woman he's saving, recognizes Jake. Shouts.

HEROIC MAN
Jake! What are you doing here?

JAKE
We have to get out!

The Heroic Man turns back to the fallen woman.

TEAR GAS

explodes near Jake. He chokes. Looks up but can't see through the gas.

AN EXPLOSION

as a tank fires into the crowd.

BACK TO:

20 INT. HALLWAY.

Jake smashes at the lockers. Punches. Wheelkicks. Grunting like a trapped animal. Trying to smash his way out of the prison of memory...

FLASH CUT TO:

21 EXT. NIGHT. TIENANMEN SQUARE.

As the gas clears, Jake sees the Heroic Man is now also trapped under a fallen SCAFFOLDING.

HEROIC MAN
Jake! Jake, get out!

Jake fights through the panicked crowd. Swimming against a tidal current...Sees the Heroic Man struggling to get free. Just as

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

A TANK APPROACHES

at 20 miles an hour, rumbling slow and inevitable...

JAKE
No!

He fights toward the Heroic Man. The Heroic Man sees the tank coming--he struggles, frantic to get free...

HEROIC MAN
Jake!

The Tank CRUSHES over him...Blood EVERYWHERE...

JAKE
DAD!

BACK TO:

22 INT. DAY. HALLWAY.

Jake smashes at the lockers. The clangor of his assault echoes down the hall...Till, spent, he slides down along the lockers, sags to the ground. Grabs at his hair. Like he wants to unscrew his head and get it away from him.

CUT TO:

23 INT. DAY. ART CLASS.

Jake works at his easel with a serene intensity. This is his quiet place. A nude model, ROSALYN, lies on a table. Miss February. And it's a leap year.

A TEACHER slowly patrols the classroom, looks at the easels. Various charcoal renderings of her naked shape. And then:

TEACHER'S POV

An intricate Oriental pen-and-ink rendering of a naked WOMAN beset by a DRAGON in a field of bamboo. Jake's drawing.

TEACHER
Jake, this is life study. Just draw what you see.

JAKE
That's what I see.

CUT TO:

24 INT. LATER. ART CLASS.

The bell rings. The students pack up their easels. Rosalyn slides off the table, slips on a robe, approaches Jake.

ROSALYN
Could I look at what you did?

JAKE
Sure. Yeah.

He shows her the picture.

ROSALYN
Wow! That's me?

JAKE
No, you're the bamboo. (beat) I'm kidding. You like it?

ROSALYN
I really like it.

JAKE
You do? I mean, I don't know what it means or anything.

ROSALYN
It means you think I'm beautiful.

Alone in the room now...Jake tears it off. Hands it to her.

JAKE
Here.

ROSALYN
Thanks. (beat) I'd better go get dressed.

JAKE
Yeah. You'll catch cold.

She takes her clothes bag and the drawing. Turns. Then turns back.

ROSALYN
Hey, you want to go out with me Friday night?

JAKE
Wait a minute. I'm the one who's supposed to ask. Right?

ROSALYN
Okay.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

JAKE
You want to go out with me Friday night?

She tears off a piece of paper from the pad. Writes. Hands it to him.

ROSALYN
Come by around eight. We'll go to a party.

She moves toward the door. Jake looks at the paper. Puzzled that something nice has come his way. Then he looks up, DASHES to the door so he can hold it for her.

ROSALYN
Thank you.

He playfully tips an imaginary hat.

CUT TO:

25 EXT. DAY. MEMORIAL PARK.

Rows upon rows of white stones in this military memorial park. Patricia stands at a single stone holding a wreath of white flowers. She weeps silently. Some relatives stand with her, as do some of her husband's ramrod-straight Army colleagues.

MILITARY MAN #1
Hard to believe it's been two years.

ON THE TOMBSTONE

"In Memory of the Life and Service of Captain John W. Lo. 1945-1989"

John Lo's aged MOTHER kneels down, puts a framed PHOTO of her son on the grave.

The Colleagues look down in prayer. Look up as they hear the distant NOISE of a Harley roaring up the ridge that runs alongside the cemetery. SCOWL.

THEIR POV

Jake sits on his bike on the ridge above, looking down.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

JAKE'S POV

as he looks down on them. For a moment, it seems like he might turn off his bike and join them. Then he revs the throttle and ROARS off...

CUT TO:

26 EXT. DUSK. SAN PEDRO HARBOR.

Huge cranes off-load thirty ton cargo canisters from a Thai freighter. The canisters are flatbedded to a giant open air truck-loading bay bearing the name "CHANG IMPORTS".

INSIDE

Port Authority agents inspect the canisters. Within are the huge BALES of fabric we saw on the dock and barges in Thailand. Asian workers transfer the bales to a half-dozen giant twenty-four wheeled cross-country freightliners.

CUT TO:

27 EXT. SAME TIME. SHIP DECK.

Tau and his bodyguards, all dressed in dark Euro-cuts, stand watching. Close by, in a white linen suit: MICHAEL CHANG, 40s, the Don King of import/export, a manicured shark blissful in the Land of Opportunity. He watches over the unloading, signs a shipping manifest. Tau approaches him.

TAU
I brought you something, Michael.

Tau takes a GIFT BOX from his suit jacket and hands it to Chang. Chang unwraps the box and finds a bejeweled dagger.

CHANG
Aw, Mr. Tau--that's beautiful!

TAU
Fifth century, Mongolian.

CHANG
I know, I know. That's gotta be worth fifty thousand, at least! Ha! Only in America!

Tau bows. Chang bows back. Returns the dagger to the box. Tau looks out over the railing.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

TAU
Look...I want you to be careful the next few weeks.

CHANG
What?

TAU
Serrano. He and I had some...discussions.

CHANG
What, did he threaten you? (dismissive) You've been spending too much time in the old country. In America we call that negotiation. Stop worrying.

TAU
Just watch out for him.

CHANG
Let me tell you something, Mr. Tau--Serrano's got dick. He's broke. Half his guys are in the pen. He's weak.

TAU
I know he's weak. That's why you should watch out for him.

They look down. The big freightliners start to rumble out single-file.

CUT TO:

28 EXT. NIGHT. CHINATOWN.

Jake wheels onto the street, Rosalyn on the bike behind him. Pedestrians walk under BUZZING NEON Chinese characters above storefronts. Rosalyn points to a warehouse-sized building ahead. Jake stops and dismounts. Helps her off the bike.

The neon address HUMS over a grey steel door. No name. Rosalyn hits the INTERCOM.

ROSALYN
It's Rosalyn.

The buzzer goes. Jake holds the steel door for her, and they enter.

CUT TO:

29 INT. NIGHT. GALLERY.

Rosalyn takes Jake by the hand, leads him up a steel staircase.

JAKE
This seems like a funny place to have a party.

ROSALYN
It's a business. The guy lets us use it. He's into it.

She opens the door. They enter a large GALLERY SPACE, filled with scuptures, antiques, classic and contemporary works. As well as Paul Yang and his band of student activists. And a couple of dozen well-heeled well-wishers. A political FUNDRAISER.

PAUL
(toasting)
Ladies and gentlemen, Jake Lo. As an exchange student at Beijing University, he was present at the Tienanmen Square revolt. His father was one of the great martyrs of the cause.

They APPLAUD. Then return to their cocktails and small talk. Jake glares at Rosalyn. Confused, he turns to leave. Turns into Chang as he extends his hand.

CHANG
Jake, Michael Chang. It's an honor to meet you.

Paul joins them.

PAUL
Mr. Chang is one of our sponsors. He lets us use the conference rooms in the back. And I see you've met Rosalyn.

He puts his arm around her in a boyfriendly way.

CHANG
I'm a great believer in your cause.

JAKE
It's not my cause.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

PAUL
(jumping in)
Michael, if it's okay, I'm going to take everyone on a tour of our operation.

An AIDE signals Chang from the wings.

CHANG
You'll excuse me. (to Jake) Again, an honor to meet you.

Chang exits. Paul glares at Jake.

PAUL
Loosen up, man. Have a drink.
(to Rosalyn)
I'll be right back, baby. Comb your hair--it's a mess.

He kisses her on the cheek, turns to the group.

PAUL
Everyone? If you'll follow me, I'll take you on a tour of our operation--so you can see where your money will go.

The group follows Paul out of the gallery, toward the conference rooms in the back...

PAUL
Michael Chang's been good enough to loan us the use of his conference rooms. Faxes, copiers, phone lines, mailings--it all costs money. Our goal is to create pressure in this country--just like the anti-apartheid movement was able to pressure South Africa...

ANGLE ON--JAKE

as he turns to Rosalyn.

JAKE
Your friend doesn't think much of you. We finally agree on something.

ROSALYN
I'm sorry, Jake. I really am.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (2)

Jake looks hard into soft eyes.

JAKE
Forget it. I guess I might as well stay for a drink.

ROSALYN
Then you're not mad at me?

JAKE
Sure I'm mad. But I'm not here to change the world.

He gestures. "Ladies first." She heads upstairs.

UPSTAIRS BALCONY

Chang and the Aide mount a flight of marble stairs and cross toward an office.

AIDE
The trucks just checked in from Omaha. They should reach Chicago ahead of schedule.

CHANG
Terrific.

Chang smiles and enters his office.

CHANG'S OFFICE

The lights are off inside. Chang turns just as a platinum lighter ignites and flames the tip of a Camel straight.

Chang startles. His desk light is snapped on by Gazzi. Serrano is seated in a corner chair. A pistol-gripped nickel-plated Mossberg 590 military shotgun in his lap.

Chang steps back toward the door. It is slammed shut by another of Serrano's men. There are two other THUGS present. Chang is shoved to his desk chair.

SERRANO
We came down the chimney. Ho ho ho.

JAKE AND ROSALYN

enter a small kitchenette on the balcony. Jake opens the refrigerator. Takes out two beers. Looks around for an opener...

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (3)

ROSALYN
Why won't you get involved, Jake?

JAKE
(ironic)
You want me to be more like Paul?

ROSALYN
Maybe just more like your father.

JAKE
You know what kind of guy says a tank can't crush a dream? A guy who's never seen a tank.
(opening refrigerator)
Politics is bullshit. As for my father...the man died for nothing.

CHANG'S OFFICE

Serrano feeds shells into the Mossberg.

CHANG
Mr. Serrano, I'm sure it's a misunderstanding. I mean, I sure don't understand.

CLICK! as another shell slides into the Mossberg...

CHANG
This is stupid. We're all making money. Only in America, right?

Serrano looks at Chang, bored. CLICK! as another shell slides into the Mossberg. Chang looks down. Notices the GIFT BOX with the Mongolian dagger that Tau gave him. His hand SLIDES toward it...

CHANG
Did you talk to Tommy? Just sit down and talk to him. I'll talk to him.

CLICK! as another shell slides into the Mossberg. Chang slides his hand toward the dagger...

SERRANO
Tommy doesn't listen. So I figure I gotta send him a telegram.

CLICK! as the last shell slides into the Mossberg. And Chang makes his move. Snatches the dagger from the box and hurls it at Serrano. The blade imbeds just inches to the left of his face.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (4)

Chang quivers with fear as he looks into his open grave. Nowhere to turn...Serrano cold with RAGE...

SERRANO
A nice...yellow...telegram.

BLAM! as the first blast tears off Chang's shoulder, spins him back. BLAM! as a second blast...

BALCONY

...puts him through the door. Somehow he finds his feet and scrambles to the stairs...

JAKE

in the kitchenette...Shoves Rosalyn down...

JAKE
Stay down!

Terrified, she hunkers down in a corner. Jake runs out... Looks on, dumbfounded...

JAKE'S POV

Chang staggers straight for him. The stairs between. Serrano crashes through the door debris and ejects a spent shell. He strides toward Chang and FIRES twice point blank.

CLOSE ON--JAKE

as he stares in shock. Chang's corpse pinwheels down the flight of stairs. Serrano sees Jake. Their eyes lock.

Screams from below as students, alerted by gunfire, rush into the main gallery. Chang's body settles at their feet. Paul stares up in horror.

Serrano brings up the shotgun to erase the witness. Jake gets his wits and dives into an adjoining office as the shotgun ERUPTS. The wall craters.

MAIN GALLERY

Three of Chang's henchmen, armed with TEC-9 machine pistols, flood into the gallery from rear corridors. They open FIRE on Serrano and his men.

Gazzi and the three other wiseguys return FIRE with Specter subs. 9mm rounds cut the workers in half.

The students scatter as reinforcements arrive and continue the firefight.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (5)

Serrano and Gazzi move toward the back stairs. They're joined by two of the Thugs. Serrano steps them and points down the balcony.

SERRANO
Some Chink kid, long hair, in a bomber jacket. He saw me whack Chang.

The men nod and move out. GUNFIRE in the b.g. as Serrano and Gazzi descend the stairs.

ON JAKE

as he collects himself. Asians and Italians trade GUNFIRE between floor and balcony as students fight for a way out.

One of Serrano's men comes around with machine pistol leveled. Jake moves on instinct. He shoves the barrel aside as it ERUPTS and double-kicks to groin and kneecap. Bones splinter.

The man shrieks and backpedals. Jake high-kicks him against the banister, then wheelkicks to the temple and sends the man over the railing and down one story.

CLOSE ON JAKE

as a shotgun stock cracks into his ribs and then the side of his head. Jake topples. The wiseguy swings around to fire. Jake kicks the gun to one side and hand-springs to his feet.

The gunman is momentarily stunned as Jake flat-hands him across the nose, breaking it audibly. Jake backfists the man in the face, lunges a punch into his solar plexus and then another to the throat.

The gunman backs up as Jake trades off between hard rights and lefts to the face and body of his attacker. Jake roundhouses the man to the head then high-kicks him in the face. The man drops like a stone.

ROSALYN

panics. Gets up from her crouch. Sneaks toward the door of the kitchenette. Thinks she sees an opening to ESCAPE...

MAIN GALLERY

Artwork is riddled and blown apart left and right. The students are cowed as bodies fall. A wiseguy FIRES from the stairs cutting a pair of students down as they run. The wiseguy pivots and trains his sights on Rosalyn.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (6)

JAKE

sees this, vaults from the upper banister and crashes feet-first into the gunman on the stairs. The man flies half a story and lands head-on with a marble sculpture.

Behind Jake, a gunman FIRES twice from a shotgun. Jake bails over the railing as it disintegrates, lands hard, and rolls up on the run as the floor around him is blown apart.

Jake sees Paul lead the other students toward a rear fire door. Cut off from them by heavy crossfire, Jake swings around, dodges across the gallery to the front door and charges out into the cool darkness.

CUT TO:

30 EXT. NIGHT. GALLERY.

Jake reaches his motorcycle and REVS just as GUNFIRE erupts from across the street. Gazzi FIRES from the driver side window of Serrano's black stretch Lincoln.

Jake is forced to put the motorcycle into a hard one-eighty and throttle up as the ground and walls are strafed around him. His only means of escape is through the gallery's open front door.

31 INT. NIGHT. GALLERY.

Jake wheels into the gallery at freeway speed. He skids around blasted artworks and hits one of Serrano's men head-on. The man goes airborne.

The students scurry through the rear door as gunmen descend the stairs FIRING. A pair of men, with Specter subs BLAZING, chase Jake across the gallery.

JAKE

races straight down a wide rear corridor and crashes thorugh a tall clear glass window. The gunmen maintain FIRE.

32 EXT. NIGHT. BUILDING.

Jake crashes through the window and sails off a cantilevered platform over a low-level loading dock riding a wave of shards. He slams down hard on the back alley road, nearly loses control, narrowly recovers, and accelerates chased by ricochets.

33 EXT. NIGHT. BACK ALLEY.

Jake throttles up between the buildings and chances a backward glance. No pursuers. Jake looks ahead as siren lights fill the night. Police cruisers block the mouth of the back alley.

JAKE

hits his brakes, lays down the bike, and sparks to a sliding sidelong stop.

Uniformed cops scatter from their vehicles with service .38s and pump-actions up and locked.

More black and whites approach from behind. Jake is completely boxed in. In TERROR as a COP approaches...

COP
Hands on your head. Hands on your head.

As the Cop cuffs him, his bravado returns.

JAKE
Not even out twelve hours. Shit.

INSIDE

Chaos as the cops storm in, the wounded cry out. Rosalyn runs through the building looking for Jake. Reaches the window, sees Jake and the cops. Paul approaches her.

PAUL
You okay? Christ, look what happened to my suit.

ROSALYN'S POV

She watches as the cops lead Jake away.

CUT TO:

34 INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM. NIGHT.

Two plainclothes DETECTIVES sit opposite Jake. He smokes a cigarette, sketches on a pad. Says nothing. MUGBOOKS sit upopened on the table.

THROUGH ONE-WAY GLASS

Two DETECTIVES pace, watch. A trio of Federal agents in Brooks Brothers grey storm in. Special Agents WESLEY, DANIELS, and STUART.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

WESLEY
Gentlemen, Nathan Wesley, FBI. (gesturing) Special Agents Daniels and Stuart.

DETECTIVE #1
This is a local murder case. Who called the Feds?

WESLEY
A widdle birdie.

Wesley moves to the one-way glass, looks at Jake...Stuart hands Detective #1 an official DOCUMENT.

STUART
Jurisdiction on 21 U.S.C. 840. Michael Chang was the chief middleman in the supply of heroin to the Chicago Mafia.

WESLEY
Who's the kid?

DETECTIVE #2
(reading)
Name's Jake Lo. Student, UCLA. Art major.

DETECTIVE #1
He was the only one up on the second floor when it went down.

DETECTIVE #2
(reading)
Father's career Army, deceased. Army Intelligence, attached to the Beijing Embassy when the shit went down in '89. Medal of Honor. Taught the martial arts twice a year at Ranger School. Tai Chi, Kung Fu, Tae Kwan Do...

DETECTIVE #1
Taught it at home, too. Yesterday the kid put two cops in the hospital.

Wesley scrutinizes at Jake through the one-way glass.

CUT TO:

35 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM.

Jake continues to sketch as Wesley and the others enter.

JAKE
Great. More cops.

WESLEY
We're FBI. I'm Special Agent Wesley.

JAKE
Cops in suits.

WESLEY
There's five bodies in the morgue. Thirteen in the hospital. You want to look in those mugbooks? Help us out?

Jake doesn't answer. Just keeps sketching.

DANIELS
You know what I'm thinking? Maybe he's the guy that did it.

JAKE
The guy that did it needed a gun.

Jake continues with his sketching. Wesley grabs at the sketchbook.

WESLEY
Put that thing away--

Jake grabs Wesley's thumb and applies pressure. Wesley YOWLS in pain. The other Cops and FBI grab Jake, yank his arms behind him, HANDCUFF him hard.

STUART
Hey! Take it easy!

WESLEY
Shut up, Frank. (to Jake) Now you look in those goddam books.

JAKE
He's not in those fucking books.

WESLEY
What makes you so sure?

Then he looks down on the ground. Sees the sketch pad. A

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

PORTRAIT OF SERRANO

in pencil. Dead-on accurate. Down to the hair in his ears. Stuart looks where Wesley's looking.

STUART
Serrano. That's who shot Chang?

JAKE
Friend of yours?

STUART
(to Wesley)
If Serrano wants to jaywalk, he has somebody do it for him. This is our break. (to Cops) How about taking off those cuffs?

The Cops comply. Stuart gives Jake a cigarette. Lights it.

STUART
In 48 hours the Grand Jury in Chicago shuts down a three year investigation into the Chicago branch of La Cosa Nostra. Of which Antonio Serrano is the boss.

JAKE
Wait a minute. He's the head of the Chicago Mafia?

WESLEY
Serrano must've taken this awfully personally--I'll bet he hasn't pulled the trigger himself in 15 years. (to Jake) And you, my friend, were right there to see it. You're our prize witness.

JAKE
You want me to testify against the head of the Chicago Mafia?

STUART
You'll be under 24 hour FBI protection. Weekend in Chicago. First class air, hotel...

JAKE
No way.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (2)

WESLEY
You'll cooperate--or I'll bury you with charges you can't even spell.

JAKE
What charges?

WESLEY
Assaulting a Federal officer, for starters. You'll do two years for that.

JAKE
What judge is going to believe that?

DANIELS
He believes you. Or he believes us.

JAKE
That's blackmail.

WESLEY
That's law enforcement.

CUT TO:

36 EXT. DAY. O'HARE AIRPORT.

A Boeing 727 slams down on the runway and wavers in its own heat wake. The airdams slam over the turbines as the ENGINE screams into braking reverse.

CUT TO:

37 INT. DAY. BOWLING ALLEY.

A condemned bowling alley converted to a secret tactical police headquarters. Designed like a pillbox warroom.

ON THE PHONE

KARLA WITHERS, an attractive cop in her 20s. Intelligent eyes and a shotgun tongue. Trying hard to be hard-boiled.

KARLA
Where they keeping him? Yeah. Yeah. Okay, thanks.

She hangs up, strides across the bowling alley.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

ANGLE ON--DEROSA

VITO DE ROSA, a war-weary, barrel-chested Italian. The face of a brawler and the eyes of a chess master. He's a cop's cop with a duty streak a mile wide. He talks with FARRIS, an Asian cop tough as beef jerky.

DEROSA
From Tau to Chang to Serrano--around the horn. Except last night somebody came into the keystone cleats high. Just so Tau remembers who's on first.

Karla arrives at DeRosa's desk.

KARLA
My source at the airport just called.

DeRosa introduces them.

DEROSA
Detective Farris, this is Detective Withers, our intelligence officer--although her intelligence, like everything else in this operation, remains a secret.

Karla shakes hands with Farris.

KARLA
(nods to DeRosa)
He hasn't been the same since women got the vote.

DEROSA
Did you know Michael Chang got hit last night, Karla?

KARLA
You used to be on top of things, Vito. The Feds have a witness. And he's right here in Chicago.

DeRosa hates to admit he's impressed. He hides a smile.

DEROSA
Go get yourself a bag of donuts.

CUT TO:

38 EXT. DAY. CHICAGO.

Three brown Federal sedans single file down the drive in morning rush hour.

CUT TO:

39 EXT. DAY. URBAN STREET.

The sedans turn onto a wide street and glide between aged brick apartment buildings. The Playboy Building and Sears Tower in the deep b.g.

CUT TO:

40 EXT. DAY. APARTMENT BUILDING.

The sedans ease into a narow side alley and park. The five Feds escort Jake from the sedans to a steel security door on the building's alleyside.

Stuart takes out a pen and a slip of paper. He scribbles down a phone number.

STUART
Any problems, you get nervous, need to talk, whatever, you can reach me at this number.

Jake pockets the phone number.

JAKE
I need to call my Mom.

STUART
It's taken care of. Relax. Watch TV. I'll see you in eight hours.

Stuart exits.

CUT TO:

41 INT. DAY. SRO HOTEL.

Daniels leads Jake from the stairs onto the fourth floor. The halls are dimly lit and in need of major renovation.

An elderly woman RESIDENT emerges.

RESIDENT
Finally, the building inspector! Are you the building inspector? I got no circulation.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

WESLEY
No, ma'am.

RESIDENT
You're not the building inspector?

JAKE
Failed the exam.

RESIDENT
I got no circulation. Eight weeks since I got heat.

Wesley pushes Jake along. Reaches a door and knocks.

JAKE
I guess the Ritz was booked, huh?

The SOUND of locks undone and then the door swings wide. Two agents, ANDERSON and KLEIN, in shirt sleeves inside.

DANIELS
Anderson. Klein. This is Jake.

CUT TO:

42 INT. LATER. SAFE HOUSE--CHICAGO.

Jake looks around. The refrigerator is empty. He picks up a ROACH MOTEL.

JAKE
You guys never lost a witness?

DANIELS (O.C.)
(from inside)
Sit down, Jake. Relax.

JAKE'S POV

as he looks inside the roach motel. Crowded with roaches, antennae twitching.

JAKE
More witnesses.

DANIELS (O.C.)
(from inside)
Hey, Jake--whaddaya doing?

JAKE
I'm hungry.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

DANIELS (O.C.)
You want to order in Chinese?

GUFFAWS from inside. Jake makes a doofus face, mimicking them. Opens the cabinets.

INSIDE

Klein gets up. Moves toward the television.

KLEIN
I'm gonna see if there's a game on.

Daniels and Anderson exchange a look.

BACK ON--JAKE

as he looks through the cabinets. Finds an old box of COOKIES. Smells.

JAKE
Who else is testifying against this guy? Hello?
(mimics announcer's voice)
'Learn the Art of One-Way Conversation in 12 easy lessons'.

They don't answer.

INSIDE

Klein turns on the television. On the tube:

ABC's "WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS"

Klein turns back to the others. And sees Daniels and Anderson with their SILENCED 10mm Colt standards trained on him.

DANIELS
The thrill of victory.

ANDERSON
The agony of defeat.

KLEIN
What--?

PFFFFT! Daniels shoots him center chest. Klein is blown back against the television, which topples and IMPLODES...

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: (2)

CLOSE ON JAKE

in HORROR as he emerges from the kitchen, stares. Anderson brings the gun back around. Jake is partially protected by the kitchenette's half-wall.

DANIELS
(nodding to Klein)
Wrong place at the wrong time.
Sounds familiar, Jake?

ANDERSON
Poor guy found himself in a room
with Jake Lo--the cop killer.

DANIELS
Kid's got more black belts than
a zebra. He took my gun from me.
And he shot Klein.

ANDERSON
Lucky I got that shot off.

JAKE

in a nightmare. The two Feds circle closer to the kitchenette with guns held out two-handed.

DANIELS
Step on out, Jake.

Jake doesn't move for a beat. Then slowly he begins to slide away from the open refrigerator back into the main room.

BACK TO SCENE

Jake eases around the kitchenette's wall and launches a full ice tray right into Daniel's eyes.

Jake kicks up fast, catching Daniels' gun-forearm and then supports himself on the half-wall as he launches into a horizontal twisting roundhouse.

Jake's foot cracks across Anderson's jawline as he FIRES wild. The wall just under Jake's hand splinters. Anderson reels. Daniels bats away ice slivers.

JAKE

whirls into a backfist that breaks Daniels' nose, then reverses into a wheelkick to the Fed's groin. Daniels buckles but holds onto his gun.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: (3)

Anderson recovers and aims. Jake dives low as a 10mm round cleaves the air where he just stood and hits inside the fridge. Jake spins on the dive and scissor-kicks Anderson's legs from under him.

Daniels rises and swings around with his automatic. His nose is blood-webbed and bruising fast.

DANIELS
(pained)
He broke my fucking nose--!

Jake rises and sees Daniels swing around to aim. Jake dodges forward and dive rolls up and over the kitchenette counter as Daniels chases him with semi-automatic FIRE.

CLOSE ON--JAKE

as he clears the counter, the sink, and crashes belly down on the cracked linoleum. He covers his head as plaster and paint chips rain from the continuous FIRE.

Anderson joins Daniels and both men stand emptying their guns into the kitchenette half-wall. Huge holes blast through the thin plasterboard.

ON JAKE

as he reaches up in total panic and pulls down drawers for some kind of cover. He screams as wood splinters and plaster dust showers down.

JAKE
Jesus Christ--!

Daniels and Anderson go empty and immediately reach for reloads. Jake scrambles amid fallen utensils. His hands find a butcher knife and cast-iron sauce pan.

JAKE

leaps up and fires the sauce pan in a hard line drive. Anderson takes the hit right in the teeth and leaves his feet.

Jake jumps as Daniels slams home a fresh clip and opens FIRE. The 10mm rounds hit the fridge and rear kitchenette wall and cabinets. Jake has already gone airborne.

Jake vaults over the counter down onto the couch, somersaults up and over Daniels, and lands behind the Fed on his feet.

Daniels FIRES and misses Jake at every juncture. Stunned, the Fed turns just as Jake recovers from his startling leap and whip-spins into a roundhouse wheelkick.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: (4)

Daniels cartwheels through a cheap dining table but jumps back fast. Jake blocks Daniels' gun hand aside and elbows the Fed in the chin, a backfist to the already broken nose, and a roundhouse heart-punch.

Daniels screams and wheezes as he backpedals in agony. Anderson FIRES up from a seated position on the carpet.

CLOSE ON JAKE

as he rolls across the coffee table. Topples it as a shield as the rounds punch through, throwing wood chips. Jake dives over a brown Barcalounger that takes savage hits. Jake scrambles on all fours, panting and panicked, into the lone bedroom.

ANDERSON
Shit--

DANIELS
He broke my nose worse!

ANDERSON
Will you forget about your fucking nose? All this shooting, the cops are gonna be here.

DANIELS
God, I hope so.

CUT TO:

43 EXT. SAME TIME. STREET.

Karla drives up in an unmarked car, her radio playing. She parks across the street. Opens up her bag of donuts.

CUT TO:

44 INT. SAME TIME. APARTMENT.

JAKE

slams the bedroom door and looks for some place, any place, to hide. He dodges into the closet. The doors are a flimsy folding plywood design.

CLOSE ON JAKE

as he grabs the wooden hanger bar and pulls upward. He swings his feet over his head and supports his knees on the upper shelf.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

BEDROOM

The door SMASHES in. Daniels and Anderson enter with guns at the ready.

DANIELS
What do you think?

ANDERSON
I'm looking for something with more closet space.

Both men turn to the closet and open FIRE. The door is blasted to pieces at waist level.

CUT TO:

45 EXT. SAME TIME. STREET.

In the stakeout car, Karla hears something peculiar. Turns off the radio. LISTENS...

CUT TO:

46 INT. SAME TIME. APARTMENT.

The closet is smoldering and bullet-riddled...Both Feds move in to investigate. The closet door smashes outward as Jake catapults forward and sends wood splinters flying into the Feds' faces.

Jake slashes across Daniels' gun hand with the butcher knife and rolls through the bedroom door as Anderson FIRES. The door jamb is toothpicked.

ON JAKE

as he tries the front door. Locked. He races across the living room and dives sideways through the bathroom door as Anderson comes out of the bedroom BLASTING. Daniels follows.

DANIELS
He cut my hand!

ANDERSON
Okay. Shut up.

DANIELS
Jesus! Look what he did to my hand!

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

ANDERSON
You have another one, don't you?
(calling out)
You're history, you little prick.

BATHROOM

Jake slams the bathroom door. He's trapped. There's a window, a sink, toilet and shower. The room is tiny. Jake catches a glimpse of his blanched and terror-stricken reflection in the mirror. Jake nearly buckles as his nerves splinter and fray.

CUT TO:

47 EXT. SAME TIME. STREET.

Karla grabs a Browning 9mm automatic out of the glove compartment. Lock and load. Heads out.

CUT TO:

48 INT. SAME TIME. APARTMENT.

The bathroom door's knob and lock are blown to powder. Jake falls against the inner wall as a second shot blasts the door to wreckage.

CLOSE ON JAKE

as Anderson charges in. Jake pivots up with the butcher knife on instinct. Anderson runs right into it chest first. The Fed is impaled. Anderson gasps and falls against Jake. Jake, stunned, stares into Anderson's eyes.

JAKE
Oh my God--!

Daniels FIRES from outside the bathroom door. 10mm rounds pound into Anderson's back. Impact force shoves Jake, shielded by Anderson's corpse, backward and through the bathroom window.

CUT TO:

49 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING. DAY.

Jake topples backward, propelled by Anderson's dead weight. They land hard on the fire escape's black mesh steel. Anderson's body rolls onto the descending ladder and entangles.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

Jake leaps past the dead Fed and climbs down the fire escape at a sprint. Daniels appears above, sees his partner's body, and FIRES straight down.

CLOSE ON JAKE

now holding Anderson's automatic as ricochets spark off the corroded steel. He dodges back and forth to avoid Daniels' continuous FIRE. Daniels ducks back into the bathroom and races across the apartment.

CUT TO:

50 EXT. DAY. STREET.

Karla, her fingers shaking, shoves the last bullet into the chambers of her service .38. Snaps it closed. Hustles out of the car. Over to the apartment. Looks up just as

JAKE COMES DOWN

lands cat-like on his feet. She aims the gun at him. Instinctively, he knocks it aside with a backhand block. Grabs her wrist and twists. The gun CLATTERS to the pavement...Just as--

A BLUE AND WHITE

screams to the curb. Jake pivots, clamps a headlock on Karla, drags her in front of him--using her as a HUMAN SHIELD...The automatic is out and poised at her temple...

The two UNIFORMS bail out of their squad car and draw service revolvers. The driver moves to Jake.

UNIFORM
Let the girl go.

JAKE
He's trying to kill me!

UNIFORM
Just do it. It's going to be all right.

Daniels emerges from the front of the apartment building. The cop on the passenger side whirls. Daniels has his ID displayed.

DANIELS
Daniels, FBI. That kid just killed two Federal officers.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

JAKE

sees the cop's eyes turn hard. Dragging Karla back, he arrives at an ALLEYWAY. Shoves her forward and TAKES OFF...

The Officers aim but can't get a clear shot. Daniels takes off after Jake but is cut-off by a municipal garbage truck. Behind him one of the uniforms gets on the radio:

UNIFORM
28, 28. Officers in trouble.
Suspect on foot eastbound on 22nd.
Request backup and ambulance...

The other Officer helps a terrified Karla up.

OFFICER
You okay, ma'am?

KARLA
Of course I'm all right. I'm a cop! (deep breath) Jesus.

DOWN THE ALLEY

Jake runs flat-out. He sprints and doesn't dare look back. He's in deep and he knows it. Adrenaline pumps.

CUT TO:

51 EXT. DAY. AVENUE.

Jake scrambles out of the rear alley onto a busy avenue. Jake sees a city bus loading at the near corner and climbs aboard.

CUT TO:

52 INT. DAY. BUS.

Jake moves to the rear bench and settles. He gulps air and tries to calm down. The bus pulls into traffic as police vehicles SCREAM onto the block from both directions and pass.

CUT TO:

53 INT. DAY. HOME.

A comfortable manor in the suburban manner. Wood panelling, projection screen TV. A bay window looks out on a leafy rear yard where an attractive woman in her 40s dives into a swimming pool.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

The desk phone RINGS and the study door opens. Agent Stuart, in his Perry Como weekend look, enters and crosses to the desk.

STUART
(into receiver)
Hello?

54 INTERCUT--GREYHOUND BUS TERMINAL

Jake stand in the shadows of a corner phone booth. He wears his Ray-Bans and holds the scrap of paper with Stuart's phone number. Vagrants and tourists meander through the b.g.

ON THE PUBLIC ADDRESS

Frank Sinatra sings "Chicago".

SINATRA (O.C.)
'My kind of town, Chicago is...'

JAKE
It's Jake. Jake Lo. They tried to kill me.

STUART
Jake? Jesus Christ, what--?

JAKE
Those Feds tried to kill me. Whose fucking side are they on? They killed Klein. Anderson's dead...

SINATRA (O.C.)
'...My kind of people, too...'

STUART
Jake, just calm down. Listen to me. Take a deep breath.

JAKE
Okay.

STUART
Say my name. Frank.

JAKE
Frank. I'm calm now.

STUART
You're calm?

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

JAKE
I'm calm.
(blowing)
What the hell am I gonna do?

SINATRA (O.C.)
'...One town that won't let you down...'

STUART
Where are you? Are you in a secure location?

Jake pushes deeper in shadow as a pair of uniforms ease through the terminal.

JAKE
The bus station.

STUART
Bad choice. The cops'll have it covered.

JAKE
No shit.

STUART
I have to bring you in myself.

JAKE
I'm flying back to L.A. On your dime.

STUART
They'll have the airport covered too. This is the only way it's gonna work, Jake. Okay?

JAKE
Okay.

STUART
There's an intersection. Fourth and Progress Boulevard. There's an alley next to a barbershop.

JAKE
Wait a minute. What do you mean, an alley?

STUART
Will you relax? Meet me there at seven. You got that?

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED: (2)

JAKE
Where's Fourth and Progress?

STUART
Just get a cab. Don't worry, we'll get you back to L.A.

JAKE
As long as I'm not riding cargo.

CUT TO:

55 INT. DAY. RESTAURANT.

Serrano pontificates over a lunch with Gazzi and other GOONS. Gazzi shovels spaghetti into his mouth.

SERRANO
What kills you in life is negative thinking. You gotta think positive. Like in Chicago, we had that colored mayor, everybody thinks everything's going down the tubes...Bing! He has a heart attack. He's dead. This Tau--everything looks terrible. He's got us by the nuts? Think positive. Cut off his hand.

The pay phone on the wall rings. Goon #1 picks it up.

GAZZI
(through food)
Absolutely right, boss.

SERRANO
Look at you. I'm gonna have to insure that stomach of yours with Lloyd's of London.

Goon #1 returns.

GOON #1
Mr. Serrano, it's for you.

Serrano nods to Gazzi. Gazzi dabs his mouth with the napkin, goes to the phone.

GAZZI
Yeah?

CUT TO:

56 INT. DAY. DEN.

A figure in a leather swivel chair. Turns to camera...

STUART
The kid got away.

GAZZI (O.C.)
He got away?

CUT TO:

57 EXT. DAY. LITTLE ITALY.

Serrano's unprepossessing restaurant on a neighborhood street. A grey utility van parked outside. The conversation continues over...

GAZZI (O.C.)
What do you mean he got away? How the fuck did he get away? Did they pop Klein?

STUART (O.C.)
They killed Klein but the kid got away.

GAZZI (O.C.)
We paid good money to them fucking Feds.

STUART (O.C.)
Don't worry. I have it wired.

GAZZI (O.C.)
You better fucking have it fucking wired. That fucking kid saw everything, with Chang and the boss and everything.

CUT TO:

58 INT. DAY. VAN.

DeRosa listens on headphones, fumbles with the controls. Farris next to him. They sit amidst an extensive array of high-tech eavesdropping equipment. Reel-to-reels in motion...

DEROSA
Goddam high-tech bullshit. Where the hell's Karla?

FARRIS
Too bad these wires ain't legit.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

STUART (O.C.)
He's meeting me at seven. Fourth and Progress--the alley by the barbershop. There's a streetlamp there--you can't miss him.

GAZZI (O.C.)
We'll be there.

STUART (O.C.)
I'm sure you will.

GAZZI (O.C.)
You fuck this up again, I'll blow up your fucking house.

CLICK! and the line goes dead.

DEROSA
You tell Karla how much trouble I had with this equipment I'll kill you.

FARRIS
So what are you going to do?

DEROSA
About what?

FARRIS
The kid.

DEROSA
Serve and protect. What else?

CUT TO:

59 INT. DAY. SOCIAL CLUB.

Gazzi returns to the table. Whispers in Serrano's ear.

SERRANO
(deadpan)
Didja remember to tell him to wear a bullseye?

Gazzi nervous--thinks he forgot something. Then Serrano busts out laughing. Everybody joins in the laughter.

CUT TO:

60 EXT. TWILIGHT. THE 'L'.

A train sparks along the elevated tracks over Chicago's downtown streets. It brakes and screeches into a station. The streets are slick, the air STEAMY, from a hard summer's rain...

CUT TO:

61 EXT. TWILIGHT. PLATFORM.

The doors open and a dozen PASSENGERS exit. Jake exits among them with head down and street map in hand. He zips his bomber jacket to conceal the waistband automatic and keeps a wary eye on those around him.

CUT TO:

62 EXT. NIGHT. FOURTH AND PROGRESS.

A nondescript intersection bordered by aged brick buildings. A traffic light blinks yellow over steaming sewer grates.

Jake skips over a PUDDLE, crosses to the corner and approaches the alleyway specified by Stuart. He passes the closed barbershop and stops shy of the light pool cast by an amber mercury flood.

Jake checks his watch and blows on his hands. His nerves are spring-loaded. He still wears his sunglasses.

JAKE'S POV

The street is desolate. A lone Caddie parked a half-block up. No one visible behind tinted windows. Slightly further, the sound of footsteps coupled with a dark figure's slow approach.

BACK TO SCENE

Jake pockets his Ray-Bans and waits with trepidation. The lone figure draws to a half-block distance and steps into the harsh red glow of a closed shoe store's buzzing neon sign.

JAKE'S POV

Stuart's face bleeds from darkness and offers an amiable smile. He hoods his eyes with his right hand and squints ahead.

STUART
Jake?

ON JAKE

as a cautious smile, laced with relief, begins to crease his face.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

JAKE
Right here, Frank.

Stuart offers a furtive glance toward the parked Caddie, then quickly returns his smile to Jake.

STUART
Good. Let's go. C'mon.

DEROSA (O.C.)
Don't move, kid--not if you want to keep breathing.

STUART
Freeze!

DEROSA

stands beside a white four-door Crown Victoria nosed out of an alley just shy of the intersection. His .44 leveled at Stuart over the hood of his sedan.

DEROSA
Freeze my fucking ass. I'm a cop. You freeze.

Stuart wipes sweat from his upper lip and forces calm.

STUART
Look--you don't know what's going on here.

DEROSA
I know what's going on.
(to Jake)
You're walking into an ambush, kid.

STUART
I don't know what this guy's game is, Jake. Just stick with me.

Stuart stares at DeRosa and then at Jake. He eyes the street's shadowed far side with anticipation.

FOOTSTEPS approach from the alley at Jake's right. Three dark dressed figures walk abreast through steam and darkness down the alley's length.

CLOSE ON--JAKE

as he sees the marching trio close in with icy purpose. He turns back toward Stuart. Stuart holds up a calming hand.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED: (2)

STUART
(to Jake)
Don't worry. Those are my men.
Come right this way.

DEROSA
Sure. Step into the light. Give
'em a better shot.

STUART
Stay the fuck out of this. C'mon.
Walk to me.

Jake eyes Stuart's trusting smile and beckoning hand.

JAKE
I suppose that white hat/black
hat thing would just be too
simple, huh?

DEROSA
Figure it out, kid. If this
dickhead was any kind of real FBI
man--two of his buddies dead?
He'd've waxed you already himself.

Jake, tense, sweaty, uncertain, shifts his gaze between Stuart, DeRosa, and the dark trio approaching down the alley.

STUART
Who the hell is this guy, Jake?
I'm your friend. I've been through
this with you. Now just keep
coming and let's get you the hell
out of here.

Jake takes a step toward Stuart just as he notices a red laser targeting dot moving up his right arm. Jake looks up.

JAKE'S POV

On the opposite side of the street, a massive black silhouette eases close to a curb-side utility pole. A HITMAN peels from shadow as he raises a laser-sighted MP-5AS.

BACK ON JAKE

now standing in a pool of amber flood as the red laser dot settles over his right eye.

NIGHT VISION POV

of the Hitman, DEAD CENTER in a telescopic sight, up close and personal...SPLASH! as his head EXPLODES...

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED: (3)

FARRIS ON THE ROOF

with a sharpshooter's rifle equipped with a large night vision sight...He ducks back, retreats into the shadows...

JAKE

twists and dives backward up and over a pile of crates and boxes into the alley...

GAZZI

and the other Hitman slam back for cover, firing wildly...

DEROSA

FIRES twice, splintering the utility pole just shy of Gazzi's cheek. The distraction is just enough.

The brick wall, barber pole, and barbershop window are BLOWN APART in a vicious heartbeat. Jake rolls hard behind a wall of garbage.

The dark trio approaching from the alley's opposite end open FIRE with MOSSBERG 500 BULLPUP shotguns. Jake is penned in with nowhere to go. Double-ought sparks too close.

The shotgunner's maintain constant FIRE. Trash EXPLODES. The men close in after each successive salvo. Boxes BLOWN to bits.

CLOSE ON JAKE

as he launches out of the garbage and slams against the closest gunman. Jake plants his 10mm automatic in the man's chest and FIRES twice.

As the gunman is BLASTED backward, Jake strips him of his holstered 9mm Beretta, pivots and RAPID-FIRES two-fisted into the second shotgunner. 10mm and 9mm rounds rain through the man's face and chest as Jake primal-screams.

Jake EMPTIES both guns as DeRosa's sedan RIPS into the alleyway and lays down a carpet of blue TIRE SMOKE. The car careens through trash as it accelerates. High-beams burn.

The remaining shooter swings around with his Mossberg coming up. A halogen door-spot snaps on and blinds the gunman for a crucial split-second. The front grill meets the gunman's pelvis and sends him cartwheeling. The sedan SCREAMS to a halt as the passenger door swings open. DeRosa behind the wheel.

DEROSA
You're a slow learner, kid.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED: (4)

Jake stares at DeRosa and then sees a black Sedan DeVille enter the alley from the street.

DEROSA
(continuing)
Get your ass in here!

A wiseguy FIRES a machine gun from the Caddie's passenger side. Jake dives into the sedan.

CUT TO:

63 INT. NIGHT. SEDAN.

DeRosa rips the car into gear and acclerates toward the rear alley service road. HE cranks the wheel hand over hand.

CUT TO:

64 EXT. NIGHT. BACK ALLEY ROAD.

The Crown Victoria SCREAMS onto a narrow back alley road. The car bucks and jumps curbs. CRASHES through trash mounds and a chain link fence as the Caddie gains from behind.

CUT TO:

65 INT. SAME TIME. SEDAN

Jake eyes DeRosa. The cop drives with the icy calm of a psychopath. Cranking the wheel as the tires squeal...

DEROSA
Do me a favor, kid. Hit that rear defroster.

Jake moves to press the button on the dash...Just as 7.62mm rounds SHATTER the rear window to smithereens. Jake looks to DeRosa.

DEROSA
Just keep your hands off the radio.

CUT TO:

66 EXT. NIGHT. BACK ALLEY ROAD.

The Ford sedan piles off a curb and spins out into a side street. The car whip-spins to a halt and DeRosa bails out with a LAW-12 COMBAT AUTOLOADER.

The Caddie approaches with machine gun BLAZING. DeRosa lays down continuous FIRE. The Caddie loses its grille, windshield, and hood. The engine BURSTS into flames.

DeRosa doesn't let up. The Sedan DeVille loses a tire and catapults over a dumpster, cartwheels over the Ford, takes a hit in the gas tank and EXPLODES in mid-air.

DeRosa climbs back into the sedan and accelerates into the distance...

CLOSE ON--JAKE

as he watches the receding Caddie wreckage roll to the far curb. Flames and twisted steel. Jake turns his gaze on DeRosa and tries to get his breath back.

DEROSA
Hiya. I'm DeRosa. Detective Lieutenant Vito DeRosa.

JAKE
Jake Lo.

DEROSA
So you having a bad day, Jake, or what?

CUT TO:

67 EXT. NIGHT. SIDE STREET.

The second Sedan DeVille cruises close to the wreckage of the first--Gazzi behind the wheel. Beside him in a silver Lexus, Stuart slows for a beat and then pulls away. Gazzi watches the flames.

CUT TO:

68 INT. NIGHT. DEROSA'S ALLEY.

DeRosa enters with Jake. Farris and other COPS are at tables and benches eating, on the phone, throwing strikes, or playing video games. There are maps of the city, blowups of wanted posters, computer printouts and bulletin boards filled with documents.

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

DEROSA
...Welcome to the Special Narcotics Task Force. The best of the best--personally selected by me. (gesturing) All the comforts of home. No green vegetables.

JAKE
And no rules.

DEROSA
My rules. My ball. My bat. My war. A man named Tommy Tau imports enough heroin each year to kill every school-aged child between New York and Los Angeles. I've been after these Tong fucks ten fucking years. I want Tau and I'm gonna get him.

JAKE
Christ. Another true believer.

DEROSA
Why not, kid?

JAKE
In a bowling alley.

DEROSA
If you were the bad guys, would you look for me in a bowling alley?

JAKE
Too classy.

DEROSA
(introducing him)
This's Detective Farris. With the right gun he can plug a mosquito's ass at 400 yards.

Jake and Farris shake hands.

FARRIS
Nice to meet you.

DEROSA
And Detective Withers, our intelligence officer. Meet Jake.

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED: (2)

Jake turns, sees Karla. Offers his hand. She smiles tightly. Drives her fist into his solar plexus. He doubles over. She continues past them...

DEROSA
You can always judge a person by their handshake.

They continue to tour the facility...

JAKE
You want to tell me why you brought me here?

DEROSA
I'm trying to help you, kid.

JAKE
Don't bullshit me. You're not interested in me. I know you, DeRosa. I look around here and I see it all. You're one of these guys on a Holy Crusade--

DEROSA
That's right.

JAKE
--whatever it takes--

DEROSA
Whatever it takes.

JAKE
--and when whatever it takes smells like my own personal ass I start to look for a way out.

Jake moves to leave...

DEROSA
You'd better look with a microscope, kid. You'll last about as long on the street as a new Ferrari. You're officially a copkiller. Not to mention what you might've noticed the Mob wants to do with you. A copkiller--you know what that means?

Jake stops. Turns. Thinks.

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED: (3)

JAKE
Okay, cop. What gets me off this ride?

CUT TO:

69 EXT. DAY. HIGHWAY.

A ribbon of concrete leads out of Chicago with signs indicating the outlying suburbs. A grey Crown Victoria follows the signs for Lake Forest.

Traffic is light leaving the city with rush hour commuter traffic flooding into Chicago from the bedroom communities.

CUT TO:

70 INT. DAY. SEDAN.

DeRosa drives. Jake sits slumped in the passenger seat.

DEROSA
You got the drill?

JAKE
Yeah.

DEROSA
You got it? Listen to me, Jake--you listening to me?

JAKE
Like a radio with one station.

DEROSA
The shit's gonna come down on your head so heavy you'll have to shampoo with a shovel. You keep those fucking fists of fury to yourself.

JAKE
Got it.

DEROSA
This isn't some fucking revenge thing.

JAKE
I'm on the program.

CUT TO:

71 INT. DAY. STUART'S HOUSE.

Stuart answers the door.

STUART
Hello? (sees them) Oh, shit--

WHAM! as a sweeping kick slams his mouth shut. Jake heart-punches Stuart twice and then kicks to the groin. Stuart doubles and Jake front-kicks him across the room into a glass wall-unit. Glass shards and shattered tchotchkes rain.

Stuart's wife appears at the doorway leading from the kitchen. DeRosa flourishes his badge.

WIFE
Oh my God--!

DEROSA
(with badge)
It's all right, ma'am. You shouldn't wax these floors like this.

Stuart staggers upright and sees DeRosa's badge.

STUART
Go upstairs, honey. We'll be in the study.

Stuart leads the way. DeRosa stares angrily at Jake.

JAKE
(innocent)
What?

CUT TO:

72 INT. LATER. STUDY.

Stuart stands at the wet bar and downs a large bourbon. A mini-tape recorder plays back on the desk.

STUART (O.C.)
(from recorder)
He's meeting me at seven. Fourth and Progress--the alley by the barbershop. There's a streetlamp there--you can't miss him.

GAZZI (O.C.)
We'll be there.

STUART (O.C.)
I'm sure you will.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

Stuart slams his hand down on the "Stop" button. Pours another bourbon.

JAKE
Have another drink. You're gonna need it.

DEROSA
How long you been polishing Serrano's knob?

STUART
Just read me my rights.

DEROSA
I don't wanna arrest you, Frank. Put a Fed in a prison with all those lonely guys you put away?

STUART
(worried)
That doesn't really go on, does it?

JAKE
The man wants to be arrested? I say arrest him.

DEROSA
And your wife--she's an attractive woman. I can't see her waiting for you, what--twenty years?
(beat)
On the other hand, that heroin that Tau sent to Serrano--the trucks are on the way. I want to know when and where.

STUART
Serrano's the only one who knows that. And I never dealt with him directly. I always went through Gazzi.

DEROSA
He'll deal with you. He wants Jake.

Jake doubletakes--the first he's heard of it. He looks daggers at DeRosa.

CUT TO:

73 INT. DAY. SOCIAL CLUB.

The phone RINGS. Gazzi, bandaids on his face, picks it up.

GAZZI
Yeah?

STUART (O.C.)
Let me talk to Serrano.

GAZZI
Fuck you. You go fuck yourself. You got some explaining to do.

SERRANO

sits at a table playing cards with four GOONS. Looks up as Gazzi gets louder and louder. Signals to him.

SERRANO
Who is that?

GAZZI
(covering receiver)
Stuart. The Fed. He says he'll only talk to you. I told him go fuck himself.

Serrano thinks a beat. Gets up.

SERRANO
Let me talk to him.

CUT TO:

74 INT. SAME TIME. STUDY.

DeRosa listens in on an extension.

SERRANO (O.C.)
What the hell happened last night?

STUART
It was a fuckup.

SERRANO (O.C.)
No shit it's a fuckup.

STUART
Some cop walked right into the middle of it--what're the odds against that? A thousand to one?

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

SERRANO (O.C.)
Frank, if I want odds, I got five bookies close enough to spit on. Tell me something I don't know.

STUART
I have him. (beat) Chicago cops can be very reasonable. It cost me but I have him.

SERRANO (O.C.)
Don't worry what it cost. Just bring him over.

DEROSA
(sotto)
Tell him you can't risk it tonight.

STUART
This kid's a third degree burn right now because of your guys. *They fucked up--not me. I'm not* going anywhere tonight.

SERRANO (O.C.)
Who said tonight? Bring him here tomorrow. That way it's controlled. Ain't nobody fucks up when I got the eye on them.

DeRosa signals Stuart: A-okay.

STUART
I'm only gonna give him up if you're there personally.

SERRANO (O.C.)
Where the fuck I'm gonna go--Florida?

CLICK! and the line goes dead. Stuart turns to DeRosa. DeRosa and Jake exchange a look.

DEROSA
Tomorrow morning.

CUT TO:

75 INT. NIGHT. DEROSA'S ALLEY.

At the far end of the alley, DeRosa bowls alone. The automatic pinsetter is turned off. Trying to hit a single pin. He bowls. Misses. Bowls again. Misses...

FARRIS

and other cops scattered on sleeping bags, snoring on curved leatherette benches, etc.

KARLA

works at a table on a SCALE MODEL, by the light of a single lamp. Jake smokes a cigarette, watches her from afar. Decides to approach her.

JAKE
Look, I just wanted to say I'm sorry, you know--about what happened.

KARLA
Forget it. I got my licks in.

JAKE
What's that?

KARLA
The inside of Serrano's social club. This is where he usually sits. Every afternoon at 2:30 he goes to the bar, pours a sweet vermouth and watches 'General Hospital'.

JAKE
You really know this asshole.

KARLA
It's my job. I know all about you, too. I know you were 30 days late paying your last Visa bill and you got a B minus in Biology.

JAKE
Yeah, well, I got fucked on the midterm.

KARLA
I also know that you were an exchange student at Beijing University during the Tienanmen Square student revolt. Your father--

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

Jake cuts her off.

JAKE
Maybe you should tell me what the plan is for tomorrow.

KARLA
Sure.
(gesturing)
This is the fire exit door. When the tear gas slams in you take cover in the back alley behind *the dumpsters.*

JAKE
Got it.

KARLA
We'll have sharpshooters up on these buildings across the street. Sightlines through this window.

JAKE
There's no curtains?

KARLA
Infrared scopes. They can sight and strike anything within this killing zone.

She gestures to an area painted red on the model. Jake looks it *over. Drags on his cigarette.*

JAKE
I could get killed in there tomorrow, couldn't I?

KARLA
DeRosa's the best cop I ever met. I had a straight-A psych degree and the department had me babysitting at a rape crisis center. DeRosa gave me a chance to do some real police work.
(betraying doubt)
He wouldn't send a civilian in there if he thought there was a chance he couldn't control it.

JAKE
Are you kidding? He doesn't give a shit about me.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED: (2)

KARLA
He saved your ass, didn't he?

JAKE
He'd do anything to get Tau. He'd send his own mother to the Manson family reunion. Dressed as a knife sharpener.

KARLA
You just hate him because he reminds you of your father.

JAKE
(right back)
What do you know about my father? My father never got anyone else killed.

CUT TO:

76 EXT. DAY. LITTLE ITALY.

A trio of public utilities vans and a brown two-door sedan ease onto the street. Serrano's restaurant in the distance. The vehicles turns down a side alley.

CUT TO:

77 EXT. DAY. BACK ALLEY.

The four vehicles halt and panels slam open on the vans. A half-dozen of DeRosa's finest, in full assault gear, bail out with heavy weapons and move to predetermined locations.

DeRosa steps out of the sedan wearing Kevlar and a headset. He gestures for his people to fan out. Two men climb a fire escape with assault rifles slung across their backs.

In the center van, Stuart sits with his shirt open and Farris taping a wire. The unit is small and flat. DeRosa enters while they talk.

FARRIS
Okay. You're wired.

JAKE
(in Cantonese, subtitled)
What do you think of DeRosa?

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

FARRIS
He's okay. Your Chinese is better than his English.

JAKE
I think he's an asshole.

DEROSA
What'd he say?

FARRIS
He said he thinks he's in love with you.

DEROSA
Get in line.

Stuart buttons up. Karla is ont the communications array monitoring tactical dispersal.

DEROSA
(to Stuart)
I want the heroin shipment. Where and when.

STUART
If I push, he'll get suspicious.

DEROSA
You want him suspicious or me hostile?

Karla approaches.

KARLA
Your alarm code is 'nice doing business with you'. We hear that and we're in.

JAKE
And then I'm out?

DEROSA
That's the deal. I'll square everything for you and you go home.

DeRosa grabs his LAW 12 and shells, heads out. Jake and Stuart follow. Karla watches Jake as worry plays on her brow.

CUT TO:

78 EXT. DAY. ROOFTOP.

Two of DeRosa's SHARPSHOOTERS move deftly between air conditioning housings and reach the building ledge. Both men wear headsets and take up clean sightlines.

CUT TO:

79 EXT. DAY. SHADOWED DOORWAY.

Farris moves swiftly into the shadow of a doorway with a large striped awning. The storefront bakery is closed. He kneels, pulls out the pieces of a NATO AR-15 from deep trenchcoat pockets, assembles them...

CUT TO:

80 EXT. DAY. ALLEYWAY.

Other cops quickly scatter into positions. High-powered scopes mounted on precision assault rifles.

CUT TO:

81 INT. DAY. VAN.

Karla has on a headset and runs the transmissions through a reel-to-reel.

KARLA
(into headset)
Skirmish teams one through four, give me a high sign if ready. Over.

CUT TO:

82 EXT. DAY. SIDE ALLEY.

DeRosa watches the brown sedan ease down the street toward Serrano's restaurant. He loads his LAW 12 with double-ought and cocks it.

CUT TO:

83 INT. DAY. SEDAN.

Stuart veers to the curb outside the restaurant. Jake stares at the place with icy trepidation.

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

STUART
I want you to know, Jake--I'm the only one who did this to myself. And to you. I want you to know I take responsibility for my personal actions.

JAKE
This isn't est, Frank.

Jake climbs out of the sedan.

CUT TO:

84 EXT. DAY. RESTAURANT.

A pair of Serrano's goodfellas step out of the front door with 9mm Brownings at their sides. Toothpicks in their mouths.

CUT TO:

85 EXT. DAY. SIDE ALLEY.

DeRosa watches as Jake and Stuart are escorted inside. he adjusts his headset and listens.

CUT TO:

86 INT. DAY. RESTAURANT.

Jake and Stuart are ushered between tables. There are men, a dozen or so, positioned all over in tight suits, drinking their morning espresso. Serrano is seated at a balcony table atop a short flight of stairs--just where Karla said he'd be.

SERRANO
Look at this, everybody. The FBI always gets its man.

Laughter all around. Serrano rises as Jake and Stuart are led up the steps to the balcony dining area. Serrano and Stuart hug lightly. Jake eyes the grey steel fire door at the balcony's far end.

CUT TO:

87 EXT. DAY. SIDE ALLEY

DeRosa flexes his fingers along the autoloader as he listens.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED:

STUART (O.C.)
(from headset)
Have I ever let you down?

CUT TO:

88 INT. DAY. RESTAURANT.

Serrano does the seesaw gesture with his hand and laughs along with Stuart. Gazzi stands close with another goodfella. Serrano moves close to Jake.

STUART
I have something I have to talk to you about.

SERRANO
One second. Pleasure before business. (to Jake) You saw me clip that motherfucker, hah? What was that fucker's name? Chink? Chunk?

GAZZI
Chang.

Serrano pulls on a pair of LEAD-LINED GLOVES.

SERRANO
You know what I heard? He wasn't dead--he was 18 hours in the hospital before he died. The cops kept asking him who did it. Except there wasn't enough of his mouth left to say. (laughs) He could scream though. More or less. You saw it, right?

JAKE
I saw it.

SERRANO
You know, usually I just send one of the boys for a piece of work like that. But when somebody tries to fuck me--the way he tried to fuck me--the way you tried to fuck me--well, what can I say? I'm an old-fashioned girl. I wanna dance first.

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED:

Serrano swiftly double-punches Jake in the solar plexus, then two jackhammers to the ribs and a final blow to the left kidney. Jake doubles, coughs.

SERRANO
Look. Look at that posture. Bad posture--that's at the roots of every health problem in America. (to Gazzi) Stand him up straight.

Gazzi grabs Jake by the hair, stands him up.

SERRANO
I'm gonna break your legs, you motherfucker. And then I'm gonna break your arms. And then I'm gonna break your knees. And then I'm gonna go rib by rib and finger by finger by finger.

Jake looks at Serrano a beat.

JAKE
Knock yourself out.

Serrano pistons a hard left across jake's jawline and sends him windmilling to the carpet.

CUT TO:

89 EXT. SIDE ALLEY.

CLOSE ON DEROSA

as he listens and holds taut.

DEROSA
Jesus, kid.

He blesses himself.

CUT TO:

90 INT. DAY. RESTAURANT.

Serrano shakes his knuckles and gestures again to Gazzi. Jake is dragged back onto his feet. Stuart shifts impatiently.

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED:

STUART
Mr. Serrano? Excuse me. With all respect, I gotta get back downtown. We had an understanding?

SERRANO
(nods to Jake)
I'll get back to him later. I want him to have some time to imaginate what he's in for.

One of the wiseguys comes up with a briefcase. Stuart opens it and sees layers of cash.

SERRANO
There. You just got sex appeal.

Stuart snaps the case closed. He licks his lips and wipes a trickle of sweat from his nape.

CUT TO:

91 EXT. DAY. SIDE ALLEY.

DeRosa listens to the silence.

DEROSA
Come on, Frank--

CUT TO:

92 EXT. DOORWAY--ON FARRIS.

as he listens and watches the restaurant.

FARRIS
Shit. What the hell's taking so long?

CUT TO:

93 EXT. ROOFTOP--ON SHARPSHOOTERS.

as they remain fixed and steady.

SHARPIE #1
Time to put him on the cross.

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED:

SHARPIE'S POV--INFRARED

CROSSHAIRS over Serrano's left eye.

BACK TO SCENE

The Sharpie tenses on the trigger. Whispers into this headset.

SHARPIE #1
Just give me the word.

CUT TO:

94 INT. VAN--CLOSE ON KARLA.

as she maintains a controlled tone.

KARLA
Hold fire. Only on DeRosa's signal.

CUT TO:

95 INT. DAY. RESTAURANT.

Stuart turns to Serrano.

STUART
I have another deal for you. Could we talk--you know--privately?

Serrano's suspicious meter starts running...Stuart takes Serrano aside.

SERRANO
What's on your mind?

STUART
The Bureau knows about your heroin shipment. They got a tip from the West Coast.

SERRANO
(wary)
Go on.

STUART
I can get to the guy in charge and make sure the bust goes wrong. I just need to know when and where.

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED:

SERRANO
And what's your end?

STUART
Say 100 K off the top.

Serrano grins and shakes his head.

SERRANO
Frank. Frank Frank Frank.
(thinks a beat)
Tomorrow night at Chi Wong's laundry in Chinatown.

CUT TO:

96 EXT. SIDE ALLEY--CLOSE ON DEROSA.

as he shakes his fist in triumph.

CUT TO:

97 INT. DAY. RESTAURANT.

Stuart nods and cleans sweat from his upper lip. Serrano watches him.

STUART
What time?

SERRANO
Midnight.

STUART
Great.

SERRANO
Just one thing. You guarantee no cops or Feds. And I give you nothing. No hundred grand. Zip. You do it as a favor to me. For free.

Stuart cleans sweat from his upper lip. Thinks.

STUART
Okay, Mr. Serrano.

SERRANO
Tony.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED:

STUART
Tony.

SERRANO
Good.

CUT TO:

98 INT. DAY. VAN.

A zap of STATIC on Karla's headphones. Karla frantically works at knobs, dials...

COP #1
What's the matter?

KARLA
We just lost Stuart's mike.

CUT TO:

99 INT. DAY. RESTAURANT.

Serrano hugs Stuart and smiles, clapping the Fed's shoulders. He turns back toward Jake.

SERRANO
Thanks again for this.

STUART
Any time, Tony. Nice doing business with you.

Stuart moves down the stairs and crosses through the group of broad-shouldered hitters. Stuart is almost to the door...

SERRANO
Frank?

Stuart turns and freezes. Serrano stands at the top of the stairs with a drawn 9mm Micro-Uzi.

SERRANO
Why'd you say you'd do it for free, Frank?

STUART
(to his lapel)
Nice doing business with you.
Nice doing business with you.

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED:

SERRANO
The only time a man doesn't want money is if he wants something else. You're sweating like a man that all he wants is to get out with his ass in one piece.
(beat)
Life's full of disappointments.

Serrano FIRES a sustained burst. 9mm autorounds blast Stuart backward onto a table top. His torso neatly riddled.

CUT TO:

100 EXT. SIDE ALLEY--ON DEROSA.

as he rolls out of the alleyway with autoloader coming level.

DEROSA
Son of a bitch! (into headset)
Move in! Move in! Tophat--take your shot!

CUT TO:

101 EXT. ROOFTOP. SHARPIE'S POV--THROUGH SCOPE.

Jake is in the direct line of fire.

ON SHARPSHOOTERS

as they bring their eyes to sights and adjust.

SHARPIE #1
(into headset)
No can do. Lost the shot. Two?

SHARPIE #2
Negative. Target not clear. No shot--no shot.

CUT TO:

102 EXT. DAY. STREET

DeRosa' squad scatters from alleyways and takes up tactical positions behind mailboxes and parked cars. Weapons cocked and trained on the restaurant. Tear gas launchers come up.

CUT TO:

103 INT. DAY. RESTAURANT.

Two men at the front of the restaurant stare out of the front windows.

WISEGUY #1
There's cops across the street!

A pair of tear gas canisters CRASH through the panes and burst on floor impact. Men quickly smother them with jackets and tablecloths. Serrano, the Micro-Uzi trained on Jake, turns to his men.

SERRANO
Move!

All the men in the restaurant move at once. They draw guns from shoulder rigs, pull shotguns from hidden slots under tables, machine guns from behind the bar, more guns from hiden compartments behind wall-mounted paintings of Sicily.

Ammo is tossed back and forth. Weapons are cocked and readied in a heartbeat. The front windows are SMASHED and FIRING begins. Gazzi runs up to Serrano.

SERRANO
(to Gazzi)
Take some men and get the cars.

Serrano pushes the Micro-Uzi's business end against Jake's skull and tightens his finger on the trigger. Turns back to his men.

SERRANO
(calling)
How many out there?

WISEGUY #1
Enough.

CLOSE ON JAKE

as he spits in Serrano's eyes and launches. He shoves the gun aside as Serrano FIRES blind and triple pistons his elbow into Serrano's nose and jaw. Gazzi swings for Jake and barely misses as Jake slingshots Serrano into the three hundred pound bodyguard. Both go over a table.

JAKE

vaults into a tall wiseguy with a shotgun and uses his feet to slam the stock into the man's chin. Then jackhammer-kicks him into and through the near wall.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED:

Jake pivots and rushes to the fire exit door. He hits the steel crossbar but the door doesn't budge. It's locked. Jake shoulders the door hard repeatedly but it remains firm.

CUT TO:

104 EXT. RESTAURANT--CLOSE ON FIRE DOOR.

and the steel bolt master-lock holding it secure. Jake's audible and fruitless pounding from the other side.

DeRosa rolls behind a parked car as it's knitted by automatic FIRE. Farris is braced at the fender a foot away.

FARRIS
Going well so far, don't you think?

DEROSA
We're on a roll.

A HAILSTORM of safety glass showers them.

CUT TO:

105 EXT. ROOFTOP--DAY.

The Sharpshooters lay down indiscriminate FIRE across the front of the restaurant. The checkered awning is blown to ribbons.

SHARPIE #1--POV THROUGH SCOPE

Crosshairs find a gunman, on the balcony, closing on Jake from behind. A single shot punches the gunman over a table.

CUT TO:

106 INT. DAY. RESTAURANT.

Jake whirls as the gunman spread-eagles at his feet.

CUT TO:

107 EXT. DAY. STREET.

Cops FIRE short bursts from their vantage points. The brick around them is strafed. Tear gas launchers cough canisters through the restaurant's windows.

CUT TO:

108 INT. DAY. VAN.

Karla adjusts the radio volume as the transceiver fills with *deafening muzzle reports.*

CUT TO:

109 *EXT. STREET--ON DEROSA.*

as he swings up and FIRES three times in rapid succession. The front of the restaurant is cratered with double-ought. Answering AUTOFIRE flattens tires on the parked cars.

DEROSA
(into headset)
Second wave--move in!

Farris sprays 5.56mm ROUNDS over a parked cars trunk.

CUT TO:

110 INT. DAY. VAN.

Karla talks to his headset.

KARLA
Jake never came out!

DEROSA (O.C.)
I know, goddam it! What the fuck do you want me to do?

Karla boils a beat. Tears off her headset. RUNS. Another Cop GRABS her.

CUT TO:

111 INT. DAY. SOCIAL CLUB.

Four gunmen at the windows lay down FIRE with Spectre subs and Uzis. They rake back and forth without mercy. Others chase down sputtering tear gas canisters and hurl them back into the street. One canister sets the restaurant's bar aflame.

ON JAKE

as he swings over the balcony banister just as a shotgun BLAST pulverizes the railing beneath him. Jake lands on a pair of wiseguys. All splinter through dining tables.

Jake dodges a shotgun blast, snatches up a pair of broken table legs, and propellers into four approaching goodfellas.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED:

He xylophones three and piledrives the fourth through a thick wooden support pylon. A section of inner ceiling caves in.

Another wiseguy wraps jake up from behind and lifts him off his feet. Jake kicks backward off a table and shifts into a spin. A shotgunner FIRES and mistakenly hits Jake's attacker between the shoulder blades.

CLOSE ON JAKE

as he dives clear and rolls over a table as it is SHOTGUNNED to *splinters. The shotgunner closes.* Jake dodges behind another table. The man BLASTS it in half. Jake rolls behind another table. The gunman is now point blank.

JAKE

leaps up and kicks down on his side of the table. The other end slams up and into the gunman's shotgun. The pump-action pinwheels up and over, landing perfectly in Jake's hands. The shotgunner is stunned. Jake grins and shrugs.

The gunman goes for his shoulder holster. Jake pumps and FIRES. The man goes sailing over two tables. Jake pivots and FIRES as more wiseguys advance. The shotgun goes empty.

ON JAKE

as he drives the shotgun muzzle into the closest man's groin, reverses the stock into the chin of another goodfella, and grand *slams it across the temple of a third.* The fourth gets a flathand to the nose, kicks to both kneecaps, and a windmill roundhouse to the skull.

CUT TO:

112 EXT. DAY. STREET.

Two grey panel trucks rip onto the street from opposite directions. SIRENS wail from each. They SCREECH to a halt just shy of the restaurant. The panels open and several more of DeRosa's hand-picked squad bails out with heavy weapons.

CUT TO:

113 INT. DAY. RESTAURANT.

A hulking, broad-shouldered wiseguy angrily tosses aside his Steyr AUG assault rifle, strips out of his suit jacket and rips loose his tie.

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED:

ANGRY WISEGUY
I'm through fucking around with these cocksuckers!

The wiseguy kicks the lock off a broom closet door and yanks it open. From within, he rapidly wheels a huge M-134 six-barrelled electric mini-gun to the front window. The gun is already locked and loaded. The angry wiseguy snaps off the safety and opens FIRE.

The mini-gun becomes a deafening lightning storm of 7.62mm hard ROUNDS. A firing rate of six thousand rounds per minute. The street becomes Beirut in a heartbeat.

CUT TO:

114 EXT. DAY. STREET.

The two panel trucks are riddled. Their gas tanks rupture and ignite. Both trucks EXPLODES and cartwheel onto the far sidewalk. The men scatter for cover, chased by flames and AUTOFIRE.

ON DEROSA

as the parked car is Swiss cheesed by the mini-gun.

CUT TO:

115 EXT. DAY. ROOFTOP.

The Sharpshooters dive backward as the ledge is BLOWN APART around them. Brick dust and fragments become shrapnel behind the ferocious onslaught.

CUT TO:

116 EXT. DAY. STREET.

One of DeRosa's men comes up fast with a tear gas launcher. A burst of mini-gun FIRE hits the man and the tear gas canister as he FIRES. The tear gas EXPLODES in the man's face as he's torn apart by autorounds.

CUT TO:

117 INT. DAY. RESTAURANT.

The angry wiseguys watch the cops duck and run. The mini-gun eats the street alive.

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED:

JAKE

sprints across the restaurant looking for a way out as another and turns with a shotgun pointed straight at him. Jake drops into a hard slide and plants his foot right into the man's groin.

Jake rises and turns right into a roundhouse punch from Gazzi. Jake reels backward over a table and chair. Serrano stands on the stairs and watches as he uses a napkin on his bloody mouth and nose.

SERRANO
Kill that motherfucker.

GAZZI
Done.

Jake scrambles up and swings a foot into Gazzi's ribs. The big man grabs Jake's leg and twists as he throws. Jake goes up and over onto another table. He lands badly. Gazzi snaps Jake up by his neck and bowls him through a line of tables.

CLOSE ON JAKE

as he recovers, charges forward and vaults into a fierce roundhouse to Gazzi's skull. The big man just shakes it off and plows toward Jake like a dozer with no off switch. Serrano watches and grins.

SERRANO
Benihana time, motherfucker. We're gonna chop you up.

Jake backpedals, then sprints forward and rams head-first into Gazzi's torso. Both sprawl backward and through the fire-gutted bar.

The heavy wood bar counter toothpicks into sawdust and cinders. Flames eat the walls and part of the balcony as Gazzi rises with Jake high overhead. He hurls Jake through a wooden balcony support pylon with frightening ease.

JAKE

hits, groans and rocks onto his knees as Gazzi steamrolls toward him. A relentless behemoth. Jake notices the fire-weakened overhead and the sole remaining support pylon.

Gazzi moves toward Jake and steps beneath the eaves of the balcony. Jake launches up, leaps into a tuck-roll off Gazzi's shoulder and jackhammers feet-first through the remaining support pylon.

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED: (2)

Jake somersaults clear as the entire weight of half the balcony, furnishings and all, CRASHES down and buries Gazzi.

Jake turns and watches debris settle. 9mm rounds strafe close by. Serrano FIRES his Micro-Uzi and advances. Jake drops and rolls clear, chased by ricochets.

CLOSE ON JAKE

as he dives out of sight behind wrecked and shattered tables. Serrano FIRES through wood and stops.

Jake pops up beside Serrano and grabs the Mob chieftain's gunhand. Jake uses Serrano to FIRE and hit all four gunmen at the windows up front including the angry wiseguy.

The mini-gun goes silent. Another of Serrano's men advances with a Louisville Slugger. Jake whip-kicks up, shatters the at and the man's jaw. Jake uses that momentum to come around and deck Serrano with a vicious roundhouse. Serrano crashes backward over a table.

ON JAKE

as he advances on Serrano with clenched fists. Serrano sees the rage in Jake's blinkless eyes as he staggers up and backpedals. Jake has his Micro-Uzi.

SERRANO
I can make a deal with you. What I gave Stuart--you can have that.

JAKE
That's not enough.

SERRANO
That's 25 grand. What the fuck? (off gun) Okay! What do you want? I'll give you all the money I have!

JAKE
The only time a man doesn't want money is if he wants something else.

SERRANO
What's that?

Jake tosses the gun aside.

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED: (3)

JAKE
You're sweating like a man who all he wants is to get out with his ass in one piece.

SERRANO
What?

Jake swings in with a mass driver right hook that sends Serrano airmail over toppled tables and chairs.

JAKE
Life's full of disappointments.

Jake is the only one left standing.

CUT TO:

118 EXT. DAY. STREET.

DeRosa and his people rise. The shooting has stopped. They hold their positions and then move up slowly on DeRosa's signal. Karla quickly joins them.

DEROSA
Anybody see the kid?

KARLA
You're out of control.

DEROSA
I'm not out of control. The situation got out of control.

KARLA
You are out of control.

Then: sounds of muffled SCREAMS from inside. They all stop as the restaurant's front door falls open and SHATTERS on the sidewalk. Jake comes out of the restaurant dragging a semi-conscious, screaming Serrano by his hair.

KARLA
(astonished)
How?

DEROSA
Jesus. Pinch me. (Karla obliges)
Ouch!

SERRANO
I wanna see my lawyer! Where's the warrant? I got my rights!

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED:

JAKE
You got the right to remain silent.

He takes his handkerchief. Balls it up. Shoves it in Serrano's mouth. Other cops come in, HANDCUFF Serrano, drag him off.

DeRosa and his people cross to Jake. Jake turns to DeRosa.

JAKE
Nice plan, Vito. You know, they're looking for a police commissioner in Beirut.

DEROSA
Here you go, kid. Deal's a deal.

He hands him a small TAPE RECORDER. Hits "Play".

GAZZI (O.C.)
What do you mean he got away? How the fuck did he get away? Did they pop Klein?

STUART (O.C.)
They popped Klein but he got away.

GAZZI (O.C.)
We paid good money to them fucking Feds.

DEROSA
That clears you.

JAKE
It could've cleared me a long time ago. How long did you have that tape?

DEROSA
A voice is telling me I should get out of range of those fists of yours.

JAKE
Listen to it.

Jake gives DeRosa a look that could kill. Shoves past him. DeRosa follows him.

DEROSA
This is a war, kid. There ain't no sideline. You're either on one side or the other.

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED: (2)

JAKE
Maybe you should ask yourself what your little war costs.

DEROSA
Whatever it takes.

Jake whirls, throws a hard overhand right, CLOCKS DeRosa flat on the jaw. CRACK! as he falls straight back. Jake continues on. DeRosa touches tentatively at his bruised jaw. Farris helps him up.

FARRIS
You okay, Captain?

DEROSA
Forget it. Now we get Tau.

KARLA

catches up with Jake.

KARLA
Looks like he'll be eating through a straw for two weeks.

JAKE
I'm so sick of that 'whatever it takes' bullshit. 'Whatever it takes' is something that happens to somebody else.

KARLA
He's still the best cop I've ever seen.

JAKE
You need to get out more.

He storms ahead. She catches up again.

KARLA
You know, it's four hours till the next flight to L.A.

JAKE
You my police protection, Detective Withers?

KARLA
I think that's the idea. Be a pal. Don't make me chase you all over Chicago and I'll admit that DeRosa had it coming.

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED: (3)

Jake thinks a beat.

JAKE
You got any idea where I could get a shower?

CUT TO:

119 INT. NIGHT. KARLA'S APARTMENT.

Jake showers. The hot water rushing onto his face. Trying to wash away the pain. The fear. Trying to get clean of the world.

CUT TO:

120 INT. NIGHT. CITY JAIL.

A motor whirs as barred gates roll open. Cops and Guards escort a shackled Serrano down a hallway. Stick a KEYCARD into a slot. THUNK! as a heavy steel door opens. Down a second hall to an ELEVATOR. They insert a second key into a lock above the buttons, press "BASEMENT". Ride down. The doors open. Heavily-armed SENTRIES spring to attention. The Cops present ID, usher Serrano to a CELL. The doors open. They sit him inside. Remove his shackles. Lock up. Exit.

Serrano sits on his cot. Turns to the Sentries.

SERRANO
Nice and quiet down here. Like a grave.

CUT TO:

121 EXT. NIGHT. CHINATOWN--CHI-WONG'S LAUNDRY.

Huge semis, the same ones we saw loading in San Pedro, steer down the Chinatown street. The freightliners swing in behind the massive laundry works and park at the rear truck dock.

A black Jaguar cruises up. Tong BODYGUARDS in sleek suits emerge, open the door. Tau climbs out.

WATCHING THIS

DeRosa, Farris, and others from DeRosa's crew.

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED:

FARRIS
Maybe I'm out of line, Captain, but friend to friend--you got no authorization for this, no warrant, no nothing.

DEROSA
Ten years I've been on this hunt for the Tongs. Not even God can stop me now.

FARRIS
God might be involved sooner than you think.

CUT TO:

122 INT. SAME TIME. KARLA'S APARTMENT.

Jake comes out, naked from the waist up, toweling his hair. The table is set for two. Candlelight. Karla comes out with two plates steaming with gourmet food.

JAKE
What's this?

KARLA
What does it look like?

JAKE
I thought we were going to the airport.

KARLA
The next flight to LA isn't till ten. I thought you'd like something to eat.

JAKE
You just whipped this up?

KARLA
Me and the microwave. A friend of mine has her own company--she makes these dinners 26 at a time. You keep them in the freezer. You know, 'Working girl on the go...'

JAKE
When does DeRosa show up?

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED:

KARLA
(not getting it)
I punched out. It's officially Miller time.

JAKE
Just tell me what the deal is. What is it you want out of me?

KARLA
(uncomfortable)
Somebody's wound a little too tight. Just sit down. Relax.

Jake sits down. Cuts his meat.

JAKE
Don't I seem relaxed?

KARLA
You're going to make me feel like I'm a bad hostess. You know, it's tough being a woman in a man's world.

JAKE
Especially with your jockstrap showing.

KARLA
You have no right--

Jake BLOWS. Stands up. Sweeps his plate to the floor.

JAKE
I have every right! I have a fucking right to be left alone. Don't think I'm not on to you--all this nicey-nice bullshit. You tell your fucking boss--I am through being dragged into these bullshit fights that never solve anything. I am through being used.

Karla gets up.

KARLA
(quiet)
You get the fuck out of here.

She exits into the kitchen. Jake thinks a beat.

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED: (2)

JAKE
Shit.

CUT TO:

123 INT. NIGHT. JAIL.

A shift ends. Guards punch out. Head home.

CUT TO:

124 EXT. NIGHT. JAIL.

The Guards emerge. Greet the graveyard shift, heading inside. Climb into their cars.

ROOFTOP POV

ASSASSINS watch, dressed in the Ninja-style black uniforms of ancient Triad thugs. Two thin ropes are cast over the side of the building from the roof. The Assassins drop silently down the ropes. Their movements are cold and precise. Down to a lower roof. They take a grate off of a heat duct. Climb inside.

CUT TO:

125 INT. JAIL.

One of the graveyard shift guards suits up in the locker room. A hand wraps over his mouth as a blade is driven into his spine.

A second guard hears the scuffle. Moves toward the sound. As he goes for the gun in his shoulder holster a garrote loops over his head. His neck is snagged and severed by the monofilament wire.

WIDER--THE ASSASSINS

Unlike their colleagues, they are dressed in POLICE BLUES. Both guards dead. The assassins plunder their pockets for keys, keycards.

CUT TO:

126 EXT. NIGHT. CHI-WONG'S LAUNDRY.

DeRosa's men move into position. One team moves toward the front door. A second toward the back. A third climbs up the fire escape, enters an empty second floor apartment, hustles through to positions on the rear staircase.

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED:

On rooftops, sharpshooters cover both doors.

DeRosa gives the signal, and the men burst

127 INTO THE LAUNDRY

Chinese laundresses shriek and back away as DeRosa enters like a steamroller. A squad of SWATs in his wake. A young Asian strongback steps in his way and DeRosa decks him with a forearm smash. Others move toward him. Tau calls them off with a hard look. Then radiates ironic charm DeRosa's way.

TAU
Lose a ticket, Detective?

DEROSA
(to cops)
Bust it up.

The SWAT team moves out. The dozens of laundry workers clear away as the cops begin rifling bins, conveyors, and machines.

CUT TO:

128 INT. SAME TIME. KARLA'S APARTMENT.

Karla weeps in the kitchen. Stops as soon as Jake enters.

KARLA
Stay away.

JAKE
I'm sorry. (beat) I'm really sorry.

KARLA
I'm not interested in your fucking apologies.

JAKE
I just misunderstood. (beat) Look, I'll just get a cab. I'll wait at the airport.

KARLA
I just thought you could use somebody being nice to you--even for a couple of hours.
(more)

(CONTINUED)

128 CONTINUED:

KARLA (Cont'd)
I didn't give a shit if you disappeared and never saw a cop or a gun or a bullet again for the rest of your life. I just thought it'd be nice to get to know you a little before you did.

He touches her cheek gently. Wipes the tears with the back of his hand...

JAKE
I guess I'm on a little bit of a short fuse.

KARLA
You're not the only person in the world, Jake. I know you've been through a lot. You're not the first person in the world who ever got hurt--get off it. I'm here, asshole. Hello. There's another person in the room.

JAKE
To tell you the truth, you're kind of hard to ignore.

KARLA
And just for your information there is no 'friend' who cooks 26 meals in a day and freezes them. I'm the 'friend'. I'm the best goddam cook you'll ever meet. Throwing good food on the floor. What kind of an animal are you?

JAKE
Your kind.

He kisses her. She doesn't argue.

CUT TO:

129 INT. LATER. KARLA'S BEDROOM.

Jake and Karla make love. The phone rings. It's Riley Ellis telling them this scene will just end up on the cutting room floor. They don't care.

CUT TO:

130 INT. NIGHT. JAIL.

The two blue-clad assassins head up the hallway. Stick a KEYCARD into a slot. THUNK! as a heavy steel door opens. Down a second hall to an ELEVATOR. Then they stop as behind them:

GUARD #1
Hey! Who're you guys? (mutters) Goddam temps. I bet you guys ain't even been oriented.

One of the assassins whirls and hurls a pair of SHURIKENS. Hits the Guard in the forehead. He falls dead.

They return to the elevator. Turn the appropriate keys. Press "Basement". And then exit the elevator.

INSIDE THE ELEVATOR SHAFT

the elevator begins to descend. The two black-clad Ninja assassins rappel down the inside of the shaft...

IN THE BASEMENT

A bell rings, a light lights on the elevator. The two Sentries spring to attention. Serrano, brooding on his cot, gets up, curious...

THE DOORS OPEN

and there's nobody inside. Puzzled and suspicious, Sentry #1 climbs into the elevator. Looks around. Nothing. Then one of the assassins *CRASHES down through the roof. Grabs the Sentry's* submachine gun. Pistons the stock into his jaw. Wheelkicks viciously. SNAP! as the Sentry's neck breaks. He falls down dead.

Then the assassin ducks back as Sentry #2 opens FIRE, riddles the elevator with bullets. His gun jams. He looks at it in a panic, bangs at it.

SENTRY #2
Shit!

Looks up. Just as the second assassin appears in the elevator, suspended upside-down--batlike--from the ceiling. He hurls a dagger. Sentry #2 falls to the ground, his throat neatly skewered.

SERRANO

panics in his cage. Like a bear watching the fur trappers approach.

SERRANO
No. No! Help!

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED:

He backs away. Claws helplessly at the walls, growling. The assassins move dispassionately, inevitably, toward him. Stop at the door. Assassin #1 takes out a Chang's ornate DAGGER.

SERRANO
Noooooooooooooo!

And then Assassin #1 holds the dagger out to Serrano. The handle toward him. Serrano shuts up. Stares at the dagger. Gets the idea.

CUT TO:

131 INT. LATER. CHI-WONG'S LAUNDRY.

The laundry is a shambles. The Cops have torn up every hiding place in the joint. Tau stands to one side, smiles enigmatically.

TAU'S POV

A stack of SHEETS, starched and neatly pressed.

Cop #1 approaches DeRosa.

DEROSA
What'd you find?

COP #1
We've looked everywhere.

DEROSA
Then look everywhere again.

TAU
Looks like somebody steered you wrong, chief.

DEROSA
Just get out of the way and shut the fuck up.

Farris approaches.

FARRIS
They want you on the phone.

CUT TO:

132 INT. LATER. JAIL--BASEMENT.

The elevator doors open. DeRosa steamrollers down the hallway, past the dead sentries to the cell.

SERRANO

slumped over the dagger, his bowels spilling out, his blood in a pool on the floor.

DEROSA
Jesus Christ.

CUT TO:

133 INT. NIGHT. KARLA'S APARTMENT.

Jake and Karla lie in bed. Jake smokes a cigarette.

JAKE
...He was Army Intelligence, so he had access to a lot of stuff, a lot of information. He knew what was going down. The Army gave him a chance to get out, but instead he resigned his commission, got even more involved with the students, dug in. He was so goddam stubborn. A government that's controlled a billion people for 40 years, and he, John Lo, was going to change things.

KARLA
And then he died during the crackdown?

JAKE
Politics. They should have a warning on it, like cigarettes.

KARLA
That's just a line, Jake. That's not you.

JAKE
I just feel so lost. I don't know where to go or what to do, or why. And the funny thing is I argued with him and fought with him, every day of my life.
(remembering)
And if I only could've...I was ten feet from him when the tank, when--when he died.

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED:

KARLA
At least he died for what he believed in.

Jake says nothing a while. Holds Karla close.

JAKE
I miss him. You have no idea how much I miss him.

CUT TO:

134 INT. MORNING. KARLA'S APARTMENT.

Jake and Karla are rudely awakened by loud banging at the door.

DEROSA
Withers? Withers, open up. I know you're in there.

Karla springs awake.

KARLA
(whispers)
Great. Sleeping with a witness. That's gonna look great for me.

Jake wraps a quilt around himself, hustles behind a JAPANESE SCREEN. Karla pulls on a robe and answers the door. DeRosa, no sleep and half-drunk, barrels inside.

DEROSA
Why aren't you at work?

KARLA
Mostly because it's Saturday. What happened?

DEROSA
Only everything.

KARLA
Did Serrano get out?

DEROSA
Out of jail and into the morgue. Before he could say a thing about Tau.

KARLA
What about the bust?

(CONTINUED)

134 CONTINUED:

DEROSA
Nothing. Not a goddam thing. And Tau's there himself, grinning at me the whole time, that superior bastard. You know what's killing me? I know it's there, in that laundry. Some secret panel, some hidden chamber...If I could just be a fly on the wall...I know it's there. Ten fucking years and I was this close. If I had a guy that spoke Chinese that could get in there undercover...

BEHIND THE PANEL

Jake listens. Looks down. Realizes his feet are visible beneath the screen. Steps up cat-like onto a CHAIR...

KARLA (O.C.)
What about Farris?

DEROSA (O.C.)
They know Farris.

BACK TO SCENE

KARLA
Are you gonna go back?

DEROSA
Go back? I'm going back in the bag, is where I'm going. Foot patrol in the Taylor. Serrano's lawyer's suing everybody from God down.

KARLA
You'll come back.

DEROSA
Come back with what?

KARLA
The way you always do.

DEROSA
I've got nothing left, kid. My wife left me, my kids hate me, the valves in my heart--they want to cut me open and put pig valves in my fucking heart. I don't mean to bellyache because the truth is I don't give a shit.

(CONTINUED)

134 CONTINUED: (2)

KARLA
C'mon, Vito. Get some sleep.

DEROSA
No. That's the truth. That's what that kid--what's his name...?

KARLA
Jake.

DEROSA
Jake--that's what he put his finger on. I don't wanna get rid of Tau because of children, or because I got some dream in my head of a clean Chicago. I don't know clean. I don't remember clean. I want Tau for revenge and that's all I am. Whatever it takes. I don't want to talk about the price because baby, I am the price.

BEHIND THE SCREEN

Jake listens. Thinks.

BACK TO SCENE

DEROSA
That kid make his plane okay?

KARLA
He switched flights.

DEROSA
That fucking kid. I liked that kid. All's he's got to learn is to stop running away from himself.

KARLA
You should've told him.

DEROSA
What am I--the Hallmark Card of Life? I don't have to say something like that. He knows.

BEHIND THE SCREEN

Jake listens.

(CONTINUED)

134 CONTINUED: (3)

KARLA (O.C.)
I guess he does.

CUT TO:

135 EXT. DAY. O'HARE AIRPORT.

Karla pulls up in her Toyota. Jake next to her.

KARLA
Do you mind if I just drop you off here? I hate parking.

JAKE
Don't you want to come in, say goodbye?

KARLA
What I really hate is goodbyes.

Jake shrugs. Reaches into the back seat for his carry-on bag. Opens the door. Turns back. Kisses her. Leaves. She lays rubber away from the curb. Wipes away a tear.

CUT TO:

136 INT. LATER. O'HARE AIRPORT.

The departure boad is topped by a Los Angeles direct leaving on schedule. Below, the main concourse is alive with travellers.

Jake goes through a security checkpoint. The bell rings. A female SECURITY GUARD stops him.

SECURITY GUARD
Empty your pockets, please.

Jake takes out his keys. Goes through. Again the bell rings.

SECURITY GUARD
You got anything else in your pockets?

Puzzled, Jake reaches into the pocket of his leather jacket. Finds a ST. CHRISTOPHER MEDAL. Puts it in the Guard's basket. Breezes through.

SECURITY GUARD
That's a St. Christopher medal. You didn't know you had that? Somebody wants you to travel safe, honey.

(CONTINUED)

136 CONTINUED:

Jake smiles as he thinks of Karla. Puts the medal back in his pocket.

CUT TO:

137 INT. DAY. AIRPORT--DEPARTURE GATE.

Jake stands against a pylon and waits for his flight. It is just starting to board. He looks around and watches families.

JAKE'S POV

Men, women and children clutch one another in reunion. Young men kiss wives and move off arm in arm.

BACK TO SCENE

Jake moves with the line toward the jetway. In front of him a father holds his young son. Jake feels terribly alone now. He's only got himself. Jake looks up.

JAKE'S POV

A young man, same age as Jake, dressed in Army regulars, kisses his young wife and baby son as he exits a nearby jetway. He tosses down his duffle and lifts his family into his arms.

BACK CLOSE ON JAKE

as he comes to the jetway and stops. He stares at the distant soldier for a long beat.

JAKE
(sotto)
Fuck it.

Jake turns and bursts through the crowd, picking up speed. he jogs to a sprint down the main concourse.

CUT TO:

138 INT. DAY. DEROSA'S ALLEY.

The place has been stripped down and several cardboard boxes are filled to overflowing. Several uniformed cops load up and carry boxes through the far door.

DeRosa stands at one of the deserted lanes, BOWLING. Still trying to hit that single pin... He throws a ball. Misses. Throws another. It rides into the gutter. DeRosa stands silent for a beat and then draws his weapon and blows down the pin rapid FIRE.

(CONTINUED)

138 CONTINUED:

CLOSE ON DEROSA

as he stares at the wreckage for a long beat. He finally turns and walks back to his desk. He picks up a box and starts for the door.

DeRosa reaches the side door just as it opens. Jake stands on the threshhold. Karla beside him. DeRosa stares. Startled.

JAKE
So what do you want me to do?

CUT TO:

139 EXT. NIGHT. CHINATOWN.

DeRosa's brown sedan turns onto a dark street. Chi-Wong's laundry at the far end. The car finds a side alley and turns in with the lights off.

CUT TO:

140 EXT. NIGHT. SIDE ALLEY.

Jake and DeRosa slide out of the sedan. Jake is dressed in a dime store white shirt buttoned to the top, a dirty baseball jacket, cap, and Coke-bottle glasses.

DeRosa has on twin shoulder holsters each with 10mm automatics and ammo clips. His LAW 12 in hand.

DEROSA
How's the wire feel? Comfortable?

JAKE
Feels like a gun in my back.

DEROSA
Good. Maybe that'll remind you to stay on your toes.

DeRosa slips on a headset.

DEROSA
Withers?

CUT TO:

141 EXT. NIGHT. SIDE STREET.

A grey sedan is positioned along the curb of an adjoining street. Karla behind the wheel. She wears a headset.

KARLA
Workers going in now.

Karla has a clear view of the laundry. Several Chinese illegals file out of a pair of green vans and vanish down a narrow alley toward the rear of the building.

CUT TO:

142 EXT. NIGHT. SIDE ALLEY.

Jake takes several deep breaths and starts away. DeRosa stops him.

DEROSA
Remember the names I gave you. Your family back home. Friends. Anybody stops you--

JAKE
--hit 'em with the names. I know.

DEROSA
We've got no back up on this operation. Nobody knows about it. As far as the department knows, I'm on a traffic detail tonight.

JAKE
Got it.

DEROSA
Listen. Any trouble inside, you bail. You listening to me?

JAKE
Relax.

DEROSA
Yeah. I'm very relaxed. Go.

DeRosa watches as Jake moves off through shadow and sprints down the sidewalk.

CUT TO:

143 EXT. NIGHT. LAUNDRY.

Neon Chinese characters overhang shops and BUZZ in store windows. Jake moves into line with the illegals filing from the vans. Jake proceeds down the side alleyway past dumpsters and through a steel security door.

CUT TO:

144 INT. NIGHT. LAUNDRY.

Jake files down a set of stairs with the other workers. There are armed guards on the landings shoving them forward. Harsh Cantonese shouts from the men to herd the workers on.

CLOSE ON JAKE

as he keeps his head down and shuffles down the steps with the others. Steam rises from the works below. Jake emerges in a dank, cramped cellar laundry factory. Dozens of illegals haul sacks of dirty laundry to a line of makeshift chemical vats.

A tall GUARD drags Jake from the procession. Sawed-off pistol-gripped double barrel in hand.

GUARD
(Cantonese, subtitled)
Who are you, donkey?

JAKE
(rapid fire Cantonese)
Hung Wong, Kim Wong's brother. Wang Cho promised me this job--he's my mother's second husband's third cousin--

GUARD
Shut up. Speak English?

Jake nods vigorously and squints through thick lenses.

JAKE
Good work. Good work. Anyplace, anytime.

GUARD
You just off the boat?

JAKE
Boat? Work on boat! Work anyplace, anytime!

GUARD
Jesus H. Christ.

(CONTINUED)

144 CONTINUED:

Jake thinks a beat.

JAKE
I think he second cousin of mother's third husband--

GUARD
(disgusted)
Grab a bag at the bottom. Take it to the women at the vats. A dollar an hour.

Jake throws himself at the Guard's feet, hugs his legs. The Guard rolls his eyes, yanks Jake up and shoves him along the line with the other workers.

Jake grabs a bag of laundry at the bottom of the steps. He moves through the steam works beneath catwalks and conduits. The dimness envelops him.

JAKE'S POV

Bags of dirty sheets are dumped into the vats. At the base of these vats, beneath a hastily-assembled jigsaw of heating elements, condensation tubes, and drying racks, all of which are designed for rapid disassembly, are large siphon canisters.

The full canisters are taken under heavy guard through a narrow doorway at the far end of the claustrophobic chamber.

BACK TO SCENE

Jake reaches the vats and dumps his loaded bag. He moves round a pylon and crosses surreptitiously to another vat. He touches an exposed siphon nozzle. Sniffs and tastes.

BACK ON JAKE

as he takes in the crude but effective operation.

JAKE
Jesus Christ--it's in the sheets.

WATCHING HIM

at a high angle, through the maze of pipes, racks and nozzles, as he stand on a balcony: Tau.

CUT TO:

145 EXT. NIGHT. STREET.

DeRosa is a few buildings away from the laundry. He listens to his headset.

JAKE (O.C.)
(through headset)
The heroin is in the sheets. It comes out in the wash or something.

DEROSA
Son of a bitch. (to headset) Withers--get us some backup. Withers?

CUT TO:

146 EXT. NIGHT. SEDAN.

Karla struggles as one of Tau's assassins drags her from behind the wheeel and through the driver side window. he flathands her across the cheek and sends her sprawling.

CUT TO:

147 EXT. STREET--CLOSE ON DEROSA.

as a snub-snout MP-5AS barrel nuzzles against his nape. A second assassin walks out of shadow in front of DeRosa and swings a vicious roundhouse kick. DeRosa cartwheels against the near brick wall.

CUT TO:

148 INT. NIGHT. LAUNDRY.

Jake moves into shadow, steering clear of the activity. He can't make it out the way he came. Too many armed men. Jake loses his disguise and crosses through an open doorway.

JAKE'S POV

Tau stands below with one of his bodyguards as four COLOMBIANS offer greetings. Handshakes and bows from everyone.

CLOSE ON JAKE

as he moves onto the catwalk. Eases within earshot.

(CONTINUED)

148 CONTINUED:

BACK ON HIS POV

The Colombians have a huge steel security case. The lead man opens it and displays an impressive cash outlay.

TAU
It's a pleasure to meet our new distributors for the Midwest. Mi casa es su casa.

The other bodyguards and two assassins appear dragging two semi-conscious individuals. DeRosa and Karla.

TAU
Well well well. Gentlemen, Vito DeRosa, the Timex cop--he takes a licking but keeps on ticking.

A bodyguard hands Tau a set of nunchuks.

ON THE BALCONY

Jake watches, tense. Takes in the formation. Assassins at all exits...

BACK TO SCENE

as the assassins tie DeRosa and Karla to their chairs. Tau shows off a little with the nun-chuks.

DEROSA
It's over, Tau. We know how you're bringing the heroin in. It was in the sheets all along.

TAU
Just like starch. Ironed into the sheets. Then we process it out here. There are so few original ideas in the history of crime...

DEROSA
I finally got you.

TAU
Vito--does it look like you got me?

KARLA
What are you gonna do?

TAU
You two--you're a problem. I could kill you.

(CONTINUED)

148 CONTINUED: (2)

ON THE BALCONY

Jake moves closer...Judging the jump down...Forming a plan of attack...

BACK TO SCENE

TAU
But then what? That gets out--a drug runner is one thing, but a cop killer? They'd never let me rest.

ON THE BALCONY

Jake poises to make his leap...One...two...

BACK ON TAU

TAU
So I'm back to my original problem: how'm'I gonna shut you two up? And the answer is so simple it's beautiful--I'm going to let you go.

He approaches them with suave menace, slapping the nun-chuks in his hand...Then turns abruptly. Looks up to the balcony.

TAU
Come on out, Jake.

ON THE BALCONY

Jake freezes--taken by surprise...Two Ninja assassins emerge from the shadows. Grab him and HANDCUFF him. Escort him downstairs.

DEROSA
Leave the kid alone or I'll kill you. I'll kill you if it takes another 20 years.

TAU
Vito, please. You've been a real threat to me in the past. Don't make it a charade now with this kind of hollow talk.

DEROSA
He's a civilian. He's got nothing to do with this.

(CONTINUED)

148 CONTINUED: (3)

TAU
Precisely. Can't you see the headlines? What's a civilian doing on an operation like this, with no authorization and no backup? Nobody's going to listen to what you have to say about me, or the heroin. Nobody's ever going to give you a badge or a gun, ever again. You're going to spend the rest of your life explaining why this kid had to die.

Jake and Karla exchange a look.

KARLA
No!

She starts to weep.

TAU
(to Colombians)
Keep them here ten minutes. Then torch the place and let them go.

He nods to his assassins, takes the steel suitcase full of money, and heads up the corridor. The assassins shove Jake down the corridor, follow Tau.

CUT TO:

149 INT. LAUNDRY--ON JAKE

as he's marched inside by Tau and the assassins.

TAU
You know, Jake, it's a shame you didn't have a few years to develop your skills. It's so hard to find a worthy adversary nowadays.

They get to the end of the line. Look over the ledge.

A VAT OF SOLVENT

bubbling and vaporing below.

TAU
The chopper should be here in ten minutes. Meet me on the roof.

(CONTINUED)

149 CONTINUED:

Tau exits. The Ninjas turn to Jake...

CUT TO:

150 INT. LAUNDRY--DEROSA AND KARLA

as the Colombians circle sleazily. Colombian #1 in DeRosa's face.

COLOMBIAN #1
Hey, my man. The man figured it all out, my man.

DEROSA
He figured out shit, my man.

COLOMBIAN #1
He figured you out.

DEROSA
Buddy, nobody has ever figured me out.

One dandles Karla's curls, makes lasvicious noises. DeRosa stews. Till the stew comes to a boil...Till the boil becomes an EXPLOSION...He and Karla exchange a look. Then:

DEROSA
Yeeeeeeee-haaaaaaaah!

Hands tied behind him, the chair strapped to his back, DeRosa LAUNCHES himself at the first Colombian. Drives his head like a battering ram into the Colombian's solar plexus. Back into the wall--his head snaps back with a CRACK! The Colombian slides to the ground, unconscious. The other Colombians open up with pistols...

CLOSE ON DEROSA

as his body takes bullets.

DEROSA
Aaaaaargh!

The heavy fire SHATTERS the chair...But his hands are still bound. Bleeding, DeRosa turns. Charges headfirst for the door.

CRASHES THROUGH IT

(CONTINUED)

150 CONTINUED:

The three remaining Colombians dash after him. Karla watches the last of them. Sticks out her foot. TRIPS him. He falls on his Specter sub. Just as his finger pulls the hair-trigger. Blasts off his own head.

CUT TO:

151 INT. LAUNDRY--CLOSE ON JAKE.

Sweating it out as the Ninjas lock and load...

CUT TO:

152 INT. LAUNDRY--CLOSE ON DEROSA

as he barrels through, bellowing like a wild boar, taking bullet after bullet from the two pursuing Colombians...

CUT TO:

153 INT. LAUNDRY--ON KARLA.

as she topples her chair. Moves to position the ropes that bind her up against the Bowie knife on the dead Colombian's belt. The unconscious Colombian starts to STIR...

CUT TO:

154 INT. LAUNDRY--ON JAKE.

as he looks around him, thinking fast. No way out...One of the assassins slams a clip into his Browning 9mm.

DEROSA

makes a turn...Ahead, he sees the last door...Then he takes a bullet in the knee. Falls to the ground with a SCREAM.

CLOSE ON--JAKE

as the assassin levels the Browning at his face. Starts to laugh. All the assassins start to LAUGH...

CLOSE ON DEROSA

as all the RAGE that has powered his life like a nuclear reactor reaches MELTDOWN...With a lion's ROAR he lifts himself to his feet. CHARGES toward the door...

(CONTINUED)

154 CONTINUED:

CLOSE ON--THE NINJA

as, laughing, he cocks his pistol...His finger moving on the trigger...Jake steels himself for the end...Then...

DEROSA

blasts through the door. The Ninja whirls. FIRES the Browning into DeRosa's gut.

The only opening Jake needs.

With a bonechilling scream, Jake jumps up and over his handcuffs. Handcuffed hands in front of him now...

Jake whirls and kicks the Browning out of the Ninja's hands. Double-punches him in the heart, wheelkicks him over the railing. DUCKS as a second assassin charges past him, then strangles him with the handcuffs from behind. Then yanks back, propelling the second assassin into a third. The two fall back over the railing and into the vat of solvent...Just as

THE COLOMBIANS

charge into the room. See DeRosa on the floor. Look around.

JAKE ABOVE THEM

on an overhead cargo hook. He drops full-force on one Colombian, crushes his skull with a double-fist punch. Wheels on the other with a series of kicks. The Colombian blasts back through a sheetrock wall.

Jake runs to DeRosa. Kneels by him.

JAKE
You're gonna make it, Vito.

DEROSA
Go. I'm not gonna make it. I just wanna take Tau with me. Go!

Jake RUNS. DeRosa coughs up blood. And SMILES. But behind him we see a pile of RAGS start to SMOLDER...

CUT TO:

155 INT. LAUNDRY--ON KARLA.

as she rubs her ties against the Bowie knife of the dead Colombian. The unconscious Colombian half-opens his eyes. Closes them. She rubs frantically.

(CONTINUED)

155 CONTINUED:

The Colombian wakes up. Looks up. Reaches for his gun.

BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM

as he's riddled with bullets. Karla stands over him with the other Colombian's Specter sub. Slaps another clip into it. Heads out.

CUT TO:

156 INT. LAUNDRY. STAIRWELL.

Jake races up the stairs toward the roof. Turns the corner and is struck from above. Jake topples and spins clear just as another assassin dives forward with twin knives in each hand.

Jake kicks up but the man backflips and cuts Jake's inner thighs with both blades. Jake howls. The assassin grins and spins in like a propeller. Jake dodges and double-punches. The assassin counters and cuts along Jake's chest. Jake blocks two savage knife-thrust with the chain of the handcuffs. A third knife-thrust severs the chain. Then Jake cartwheels backward and blocks the incoming knives just shy of impact.

CLOSE ON JAKE

as the twin blades are forced close to his eyes. Millimeters away...Bending back over the banister. Then a burst of automatic fire turns the assassin to Swiss cheese. Jake looks. Sees Karla two flights down.

KARLA
Well, I did go to the Academy.

JAKE
Not bad.

KARLA
We have to get out. Call in backup.

JAKE
You get out. I'm going up to the roof.

CUT TO:

157 EXT. NIGHT. ROOF.

Tau emerges on the roof. He has the steel money case in hand. He scans the skies for his chopper.

(CONTINUED)

157 CONTINUED:

JAKE

dodges out of the roof access door and slams toward Tau. Tau turns and cracks Jake across the skull with the steel case. Jake topples and rolls up. Tau kicks three times in rapid succession. Maximum damage.

Jake tumbles and wheezes. He tries to rise but can't. Tau windmills the case around and slams it flat across Jake's face. Jake sprawls.

TAU
You've ceased to amuse me, boy. What you need is a crash course in your own limitations. I'm going to teach you some respect. Just so you can understand the pain you've caused me, I'm going to introduce you to a pain you could never even imagine.

JAKE
Knock yourself out.

Tau moves to kick again. Jake catches the foot and scissor-kicks up and into Tau's groin. As Tau doubles, Jake handsprings up and spin-kicks the Tong leader across the temple.

Tau cartwheels. Jake rushes an advance as Tau spins with his short-sword suddenly in hand. Jake dodges away and is slashed along his ribs. Tau roundhouses Jake in the skull and sends him airmail.

Tau pivots and runs for the edge of the building. He catapults to the next roof. Tau rolls up and turns as Jake vaults into them from the other roof. Both men slam backward and through a roof skylight.

CUT TO:

158 INT. NIGHT. SWEAT SHOP.

Glass and woodframe splinters rain as both men crash into the midst of sewing machines and mannequins. The chamber is dark.

CLOSE ON JAKE

as he spins up fast, scrambling out of wreckage. Crates and cardboard boxes having broken his fall. Tau is nowhere close.

JAKE'S POV

Mannequins and sewing machines in the shadows. No movement.

(CONTINUED)

158 CONTINUED:

BACK ON JAKE

as he is hit from behind by a steel rod. Jake sprawls and rolls up painfully. Tau advances with a long iron clothing rod in hand. He uses it as a fighting staff.

Jake rolls clear and grabs a shorter steel rod as defense. he counters an incoming blow and the two men trade harsh impacts. They dance backward and across the vast room.

Tau swings, misses, smashes a mannequin to bits. Jake swings and clears away sewing machines on a miss. They reach huge windows and another miss smashes glass.

JAKE

is hit hard and somersaults over sewing tables. Tau pursues. Jake is hit in the legs, ribs, arms and along chest and spine. He buckles and Tau rams him backward through a window.

CUT TO:

159 EXT. NIGHT. BUILDING.

Jake topples from the window, falls a half story down, and catches hold on a corroded gasline. He barely hangs on.

JAKE'S POV

Tau exits through the window and climbs the fire escape to a wide ledge. He rushes along the masonry, with the money case, toward a junction of El tracks.

BACK TO SCENE

Jake climbs the pipe hand over hand and reaches the ledge. He gathers what strength he has left and races along the ledge in pursuit.

CUT TO:

160 EXT. NIGHT. EL TRACK JUNCTION.

Tau leaps down from the ledge as an El train ROARS by on one of the far tracks. There is a station a quarter-mile up the track.

JAKE

hurtles onto the track behind Tau. The Tong leader is still carrying the iron rod as a weapon. He drops the case in the char gravel and turns in a fighting stance.

(CONTINUED)

160 CONTINUED:

Tau charges with the staff and swings. Jake drops and spin-kicks Tau in the abdomen. Reverses and whips around into a propeller move that cracks Tau along the jawline.

Tau stumbles back and Jake leaps. Tau counters and catches Jake straight on with the rod right in the chest. Jake falls backward onto the track.

CLOSE ON JAKE

as he looks up.

JAKE'S POV

An El train approaches out of the middle distance.

BACK ON JAKE

as he tries to stand. Tau catches him with the rod and then swings in with the short-sword. Jake blocks the sword out of Tau's hand, but is immediately chinned by the iron rod.

Jake reels backward. Tau whirls in with triple grand slam roundhouse-kicks to Jake's temples and a final pulverizing wheel-kick. Jake spins down hard on the center track. Tau sees the train bearing down and smiles.

Tau rams the iron rod into Jake's throat to hold him in place. The train's high-beams begin to glare. A warning horn SCREAMS. Jake struggles but can't get loose. Tau grins.

CLOSER ON JAKE

as his face purples. He sees the train coming. With a final all-or-nothing effort, Jake scissors his feet around the steel rod, twists it violently out of Tau's hands, and whip-snaps it back across the Tong leader's skull.

Jake rises with the iron rod and hits a train switching post. The track shifts automatically and locks in place. Tau retrieves his short-sword and turns launching into an attack.

JAKE

pivots and steamrolls forward bringing the iron rod level.

JAKE
I forgot to punch your ticket.

He runs Tau through with the staff just below the solar plexus. Tau screams, stunned, and grabs hold as the train bears down.

JAKE
Next stop--Hell.

(CONTINUED)

160 CONTINUED: (2)

The train shifts to Tau's track and SLAMS into him. The train ROARS by. Jake stands against the wind force of the train's wake. It passes. Tau is lost in sparks and blood. Only his shattered sunglasses remain.

ON JAKE

as he catches his breath a beat. Remembers.

JAKE
DeRosa.

He grabs the money case. RUNS.

CUT TO:

161 INT. NIGHT. LAUNDRY.

The pile of rags is really smoldering now...The room THICK with black smoke...DeRosa unconscious on the floor.

CUT TO:

162 EXT. NIGHT. LAUNDRY.

Karla stands outside as backup arrives. Smoke coming out of the windows. Jake runs up.

JAKE
DeRosa's still in there.

KARLA
He's not alive. He couldn't be.

JAKE
(with money)
Here, hold this. I'm going in.

KARLA
Jake--you can't! There's a fire!

She moves to stop him. But he's already gone.

CUT TO:

163 INT. NIGHT. LAUNDRY.

Jake fights his way inside. Burst pipes spray scalding steam. A beam collapses....

FLASH CUT TO:

164 EXT. NIGHT. TIENANMEN SQUARE.

A WOMAN

is crushed as a scaffolding collapses on top of her. The Heroic Man throws down his flag, runs to save the woman. Jake struggles toward him, but is carried along by the tide of humanity...

BACK TO:

165 INT. LAUNDRY.

Thick SMOKES billows through the halls. Jake fights his way through to a door. Front-kicks it down. The sudden rush of oxygen causes the room to EXPLODE...

FLASH CUT TO:

166 EXT. NIGHT. TIENANMEN SQUARE.

AN EXPLOSION

as a tank fires into the crowd.

As the gas clears, Jake sees the Heroic Man is now also trapped under a fallen SCAFFOLDING.

HEROIC MAN
Jake! Jake, get out!

BACK TO:

167 INT. NIGHT. LAUNDRY.

Jake, groggy from the explosion, pulls himself up. Plunges back into the flames. Choking on the smoke...

DEROSA

unconscious and bleeding in the midst of the fire...Near him we see a large barrel of dry cleaning fluid marked FLAMMABLE...

JAKE

turns a corner. Shielding his face, he runs up the hallway. In the distance, through the smoke, Jake makes out DeRosa.

FLASH CUT TO:

168 EXT. NIGHT. TIENANMEN SQUARE.

Jake fights through the panicked crowd. Swimming against a tidal current...Sees the Heroic Man struggling to get free. Just as

A TANK APPROACHES

at 20 miles an hour, rumbling slow and inevitable...

JAKE
No!

He fights toward the Heroic Man. The Heroic Man sees the tank coming--he struggles, frantic to get free...

HEROIC MAN
Jake!

JAKE
NOOOOOOOO!

CUT TO:

169 INT. NIGHT. LAUNDRY.

JAKE
NOOOOOOO!

FLAMES

licking at the barrel of dry cleaning fluid now...The "FLAMMABLE" label starts to BLISTER...

JAKE

So close now...Makes it through the door. Reaches DeRosa. Kneels. Listens for a heartbeat. Pulls him up and over his shoulder. Runs out. Just as the barrel of dry cleaning fluid

EXPLODES

CUT TO:

170 EXT. NIGHT. LAUNDRY.

Fire trucks in force now. Ambulances with cherrytops whirling. Cops in riot gear, hustling the remaining Ninja assassins into a paddy wagon.

Karla looks into the furious flames, biting her nails, wound tight with worry. Part of the building COLLAPSES, and sparks fly up in the the heat draft.

A FIREMAN approaches.

(CONTINUED)

170 CONTINUED:

FIREMAN
You'd better step back, Detective.

She moves back behind some firehoses. Then looks up. Sees a SILHOUETTE moving, impossibly, out of the flames. Looks like a pack camel. But it's Jake lumbering under DeRosa's weight. Nearly dead from the fire.

Medics rush up to take DeRosa, transfer him to a gurney. Hook him up to an IV. Jake leans over him. And DeRosa SPEAKS.

DEROSA
Is Tau 'at one with his ancestors'?

JAKE
He's at one with the graffiti.

DeRosa smiles. The medics hook him up to oxygen, move him to an ambulance.

Jake turns just as Karla runs to him. Jake and Karla embrace emotionally as cops look on, smile. Burst into applause. She showers him with kisses.

KARLA
Oh, Jake!

He smiles. Looks at her. And COLLAPSES.

DISSOLVE TO:

171 EXT. DAY. VENICE BEACH, CALIFORNIA.

The ocean breeze over the beach community. Rollerbladers and bikini girls out in force.

CUT TO:

172 INT. DAY. CHINESE STUDENT HEADQUARTERS.

The back rooms of a run-down warehouse act as the makeshift headquarters for the Chinese and Anglo STUDENTS. Paul pulls down a rally banner and begins to roll it up.

STUDENT
There must be something we can do?

Yang hands down the banner. Several diehard Student Ralliers watch with weary sadness.

(CONTINUED)

172 CONTINUED:

PAUL
No money, no movement.

Paul climbs down from the stepladder and turns.

JAKE

enters the back rooms from a rear staircase. He carries the steel money case in hand and crosses directly to Paul. Then passes by him to a disconsolate Rosalyn. Sets the case down on a wood table in front of Rosalyn and opens it. Inside are layers of bundled thousands. Rosalyn's jaw drops. As does Paul's.

JAKE
New money, new movement. New leader.

He winks at Rosalyn. Closes the case and hands it to her. Exits without a backward glance.

CUT TO:

173 EXT. DAY. MEMORIAL PARK.

Jake kneels and sets a wreath of white roses against his father's marker. Jake stares at the cold stone for a long moment and lays his fingers across this father's name.

JAKE
I love you, Dad.

CUT TO:

174 EXT. DAY. BEACH.

Jake stands shy of beach break tossing pebbles into the retreating surf. Karla beside him. Jake's mother, Patricia, approaches wearing an attractive peach sundress.

Jake turns and hugs his mother. They break and meet each other's gaze. Patricia smiles and sees that Jake is at peace.

PATRICIA
So where exactly were you skiiing?

JAKE
Big Bear. You know, a bunch of us went up.

PATRICIA
Must've been pretty rough skiing.

(CONTINUED)

174 CONTINUED:

JAKE
I went off-trail. I guess it was pretty stupid. I ran into a tree.

PATRICIA
That must've been that exploding tree. That left the second-degree burns.

Jake looks to Karla.

KARLA
I told her.

JAKE
Christ. Women. It's like a union.

Patricia turns to Jake. Hands something to him.

PATRICIA
Your father wanted you to have this. I just didn't know till now how you'd take it. It's his Medal of Honor.

The Congressional Medal of Honor. The sun gives it a fiery gleam.

KARLA
You want to have dinner with us, Mrs. Lo?

PATRICIA
I'd love to. But I have a date.

JAKE
Wait a minute. A date?

PATRICIA
Just a man I met. He's from out of town.

JAKE
Who is he? Out of town where?

PATRICIA
Chicago. He was around the house looking for you today and we just hit it off.

Patricia breezes off. Jake blinks and shakes his head. Looks to Karla.

(CONTINUED)

174 CONTINUED: (2)

JAKE
It couldn't be.

Jake runs after his mother. Turns the corner

DEROSA

dressed in Bermudas, Hawaiian shirt, and solarized wraparounds, waves from the PCH. Bandaged and casted, he sits in the passenger seat of a spanking-new red Corvette.

CUT TO:

175 EXT. DAY. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY.

DeRosa and Patricia streak along the coast with the Beach Boys on the tape deck. Jake pulls alongside on his Harley, Karla behind him.

JAKE
You put on weight.

DEROSA
Yeah. Most of it lead.

JAKE
(to Patricia)
Look at you--what do you think the cops are gonna think, they see you riding around in this thing?

DEROSA
This cop thinks it's great.
(singing badly)
'I wish they all could be California girls like beautiful Patricia'...

JAKE
Don't even think about it.

DEROSA
Leave me alone, Jake. I'm on vacation. I'm recuperating.

JAKE
Don't even think about it. Do you hear me?

DEROSA
Later, Jake.

(CONTINUED)

175 CONTINUED:

Patricia floors it. Blows Jake's doors off. Jake throttles to keep up. DeRosa laughs and we FOLLOW the motorcycle and convertible between beach and palm trees until each fades into the distance.

FADE OUT.